MAD®

No. 148
33110
JAN. '72
40¢

A MOVIE SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

NUMBER 148 JANUARY 1972

MAD

"Many a self-made man was constructed by forced labor!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

ADDING A NEW WRINKLE DEPARTMENT
If The Characters In "Peanuts" Aged Like Ordinary People.. 4

ASLEEP ON THE DEEP DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Water Beds 36

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side of Living Space 20

CON VEX DEPARTMENT
The Great Escape Plot 17

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Don Martin In A Playland 18
One Thursday Afternoon On The Moon 33

ESCAPE CLAUS DEPARTMENT
Answers To Children's Letters—From Santa 26

FOWL PLAY DEPARTMENT
Hawks & Doves 25

HARD-CORE-SELL DEPARTMENT
When Madison Avenue Appeals To Extremists 8

INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At An Underground Newspaper 34

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 28, 38

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas by Aragones ..... **

PROS AND POETRY DEPARTMENT
MAD's Rhyming Guide To Pro Football 29

SENATE AND HOUSE ORGAN DEPARTMENT
The Daily Congressional Off-The-Record 43

THREE TO GET READY DEPARTMENT
The Trauma Of '42 (A MAD Movie Satire) 11

TURKEY AN' THE STORE DEPARTMENT
Messy's Thanksgiving Day Parade (A MAD TV Satire) 39

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—Jan. 1972, Vol. 1, No. 148 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: in the U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A. 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1971 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

IF THE CHARACTERS IN "PEANUTS" AGED
Pg. 4

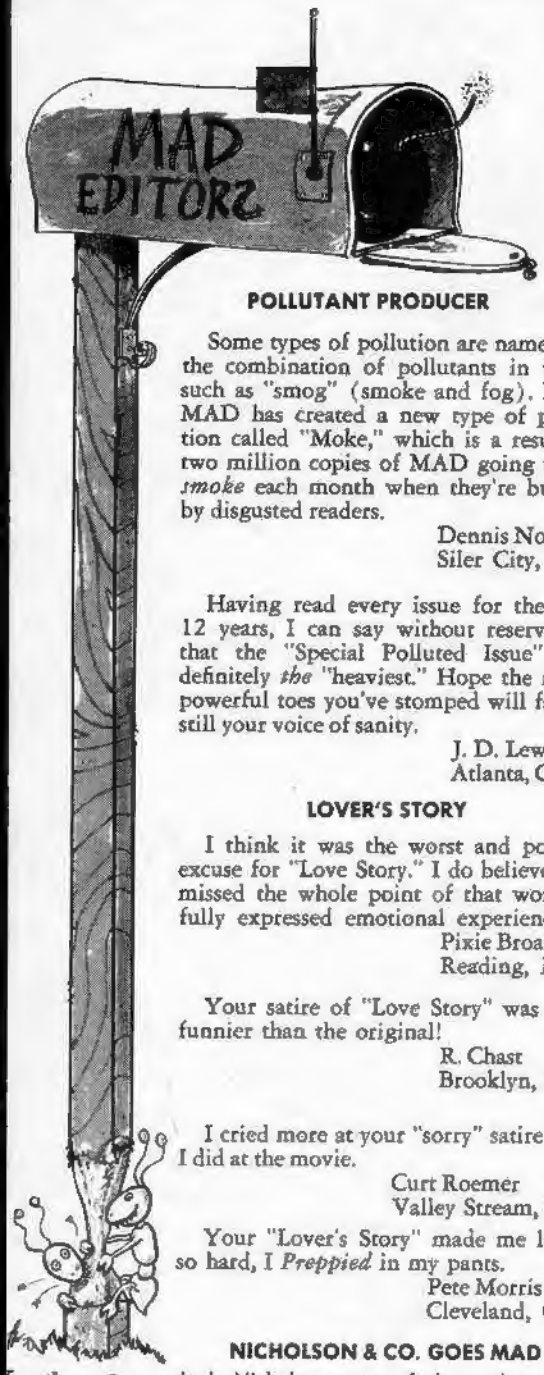
WHEN MAD. AVE. APPEALS TO EXTREMISTS
Pg. 8

THE TRAUMA OF '42 (A MOVIE) SATIRE)
Pg. 11

MADS RHYMING GUIDE TO PRO FOOTBALL
Pg. 29

BEHIND THE SCENES AT AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER
Pg. 34

MESSY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE (A TV SATIRE)
Pg. 39



POLLUTANT PRODUCER

Some types of pollution are named for the combination of pollutants in them, such as "smog" (smoke and fog). Now, MAD has created a new type of pollution called "Moke," which is a result of two million copies of MAD going up in *smoke* each month when they're burned by disgusted readers.

Dennis Norris
Siler City, N.C.

Having read every issue for the past 12 years, I can say without reservation that the "Special Polluted Issue" was definitely *the* "heaviest." Hope the many powerful toes you've stomped will fail to still your voice of sanity.

J. D. Lewallen
Atlanta, Ga.

LOVER'S STORY

I think it was the worst and poorest excuse for "Love Story." I do believe you missed the whole point of that wonderfully expressed emotional experience.

Pixie Broadley
Reading, Mass.

Your satire of "Love Story" was even funnier than the original!

R. Chast
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I cried more at your "sorry" satire than I did at the movie.

Curt Roemer
Valley Stream, N.Y.

Your "Lover's Story" made me laugh so hard, I *Preppied* in my pants.

Pete Morris
Cleveland, Ohio

NICHOLSON & CO. GOES MAD

Jack Nicholson, star of that *other* "*Five Easy Pieces*," shares his issue of MAD, containing our version, with lovely actresses Helena Kallianiotes and Michele Phillips.

WEINSTEIN ON WRY

When I'm not writing superlative sex manuals such as "Everything You NEVER Wanted To Know About Sex" (Paperback Library, one dollar; available at leading bookstores), or when I'm not trying to sell Hollywood film scripts like "Son of Love Story" (Ali MacGraw lives after all, her illness being diagnosed from the *wrong* X-rays, but Ryan O'Neal dies from touching an infected hockey puck), or when I'm not having my knees recapped (I do it every 20,000 miles) . . . I read and delight in MAD. It was MAD which taught me such proverbs as "A Rolling Stone gathers no moss, because Mick Jagger is too busy trying to cop some grass." Or, "A stitch in time stops a hernia." Or, "Being Erich Segal means never having to say you're poor." How odd that the MAD people are among our sanest global residents, while some of our so-called sane people, the ones who louse us up on this mortal coil, are "mad"! But that's the way the Astroturf mildews.

Sol Weinstein
Woodland Hills, Calif.

THIS IS AMERICA . . .

Concerning "THIS IS AMERICA . . .", I think your magazine is normally (or abnormally) hilarious. However, this article struck a nerve. The part concerning the Apollo program vs. the slum program ruined it. It should be known that for every dollar that goes to NASA, *twenty-three* go to the slum program. Why should we halt lunar exploration? Consider this: What if Columbus had decided to turn back and not "waste" any more of the Queen's money?

Gary Karpinski
Valley Forge, Pa.

I have just read your "THIS IS AMERICA . . ."! In all its ugliness, it is beautiful.

Greta Meyerhof
Pasadena, Calif.

REALITY STREET

"Reality Street" is a MADsterpiece! Just like the real thing.

Phil Hurd
Westport, Conn.

FOUR HORSEMEN OF METROPOLIS

Jack Thurston brought on "The Four Horsemen Of The Metropolis" with thundering impact. If you look through the fire and brimstone, you can almost see the *jackasses at City Hall*, too!

Nancy Maranzano
Bayside, N.Y.

MIDDLE AMERICAN FAMILY

Although your special issue on pollution had many fine points, such articles on the "Middle American Family" exemplify the bias, twisted trash which is dominating your issues. To imply that my family are tax-evading, hypocritical drunken war-mongers is an outrageously disgusting insult. On my behalf, I'm sick of all these "Wars of Liberation." The Communists laid down the law of the jungle when they said: "We will bury you!"

(17 year old)
Richard Majuk
Kings Park, N.Y.

I thought your interview of a typical "Middle American Family" was absolutely great! The characters seemed so *real*.

Elaine D'Amore
Cranston, R.I.

STEADFAST NEW ZEALANDER

Congratulations! After ten years, I *still* get a kick out of MAD and *still* like the U.S.A.

Richard Marshall
Auckland, New Zealand

INTRODUCTIONS REQUESTED

I was sad to hear your introductions writer was kidnapped, somewhere in #146. I hope you guys wise up and pay the ransom of nine cents because, along with the sickeningly clever names of the departments, the introductions are some of the best features of MAD.

Susan Mahaffy
Newport News, Va.

BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

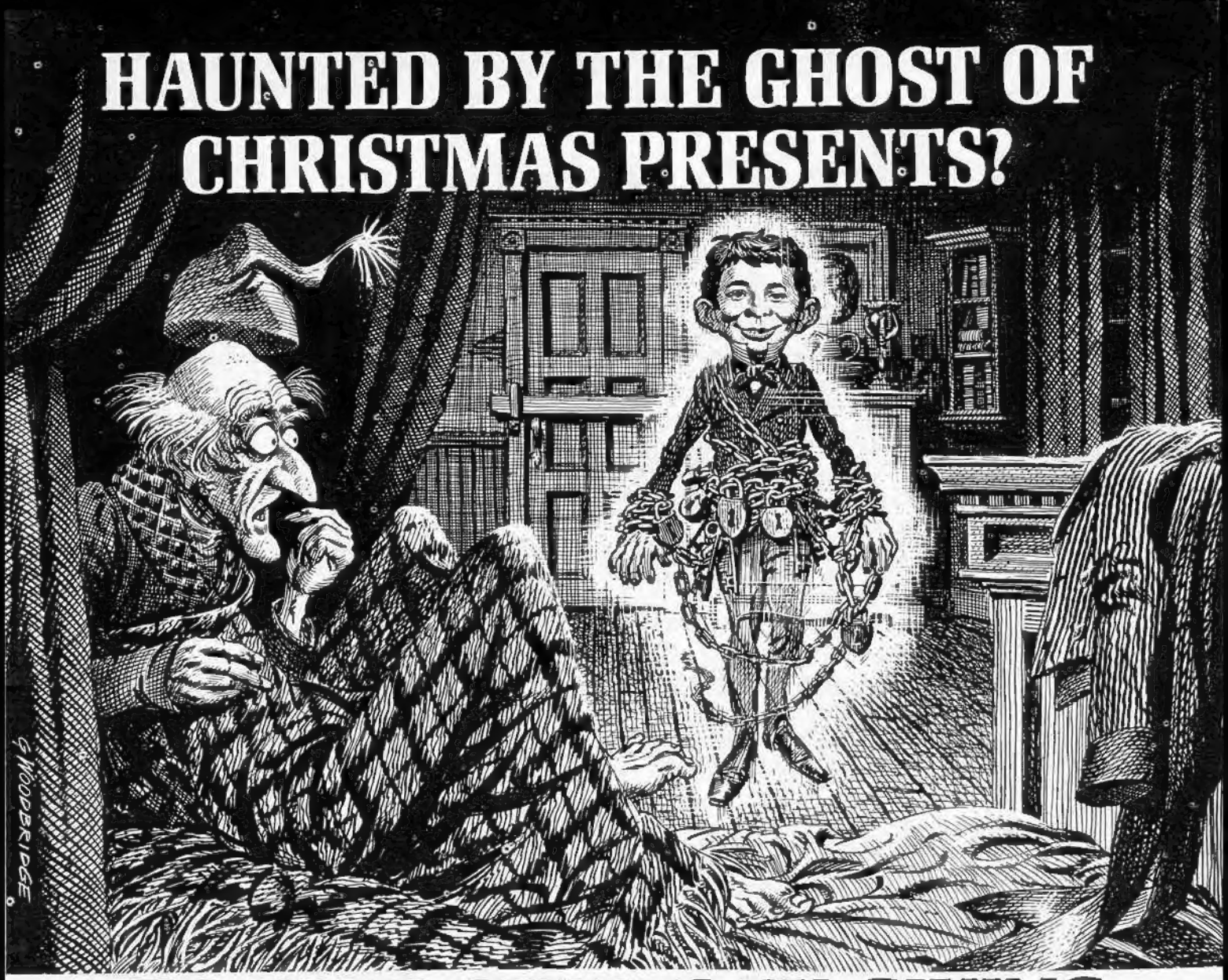
Do you know that the Bureau of Internal Revenue accepts our MAD subscription deduction under "Occuptional Expenses"? They agree with us that reading MAD "improves our skills" as American History teachers.

Mr. & Mrs. Tim Colwell
Collegeville, Pa.

NEW MAD CHECKLIST

Fred von Bernewitz has just completed a *third edition* of his Complete MAD Checklist, a mammoth index and cross-reference of MAD #89 to #136, including all the annuals and books published from 1964 to 1970. It contains 126 pages of information and is available for $3.50 from: Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, New York 11224.

Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 148, 485 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022



LIFT YOUR SPIRITS BY GIVING...
GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MAD

. . . and we'll send cheery "Christmas Gift Announcements" telling the lucky recipients who the Dickens to blame!

use one or more coupons or duplicates

MAD
485 MADison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose $7.00* Please send a 19 Issue GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

* In Canada, $7.00 in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, $8.75, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Please allow 10 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for any cash lost or stolen in the mails, so . . . CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____
An Absolute Must!

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT BLAMING
_____

use one or more coupons or duplicates

MAD
485 MADison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose $7.00* Please send a 19 Issue GIFT SUBSCRIPTION to:

* In Canada, $7.00 in U.S. Funds payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, $8.75, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Please allow 10 weeks for your subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for any cash lost or stolen in the mails, so . . . CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____
An Absolute Must!

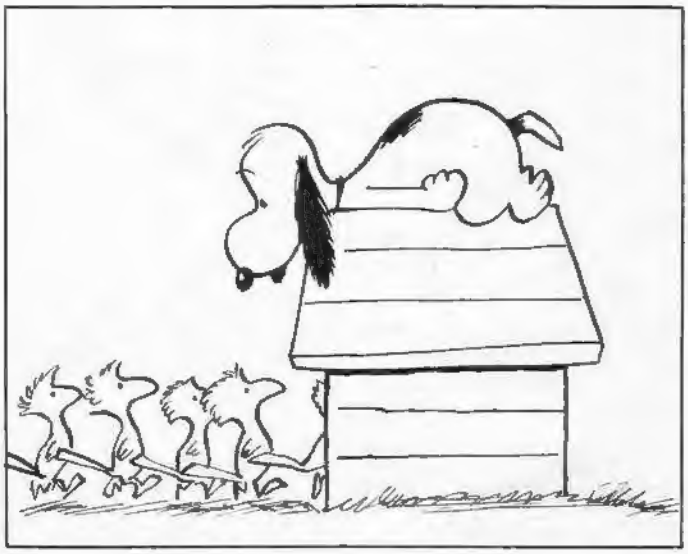
AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT BLAMING
_____

ADDING A NEW WRINKLE DEPT.

Charles Schulz, the creator of "Peanuts", is headed for disaster! He's making the same mistake the creators of "Little Orphan Annie" and "Dondi" and a hundred other cartoonists have made! He's not letting his characters grow up! So, wise up, Charlie Schulz! If you want to stay up there on top, study these samples of future daily strips you could be doing—

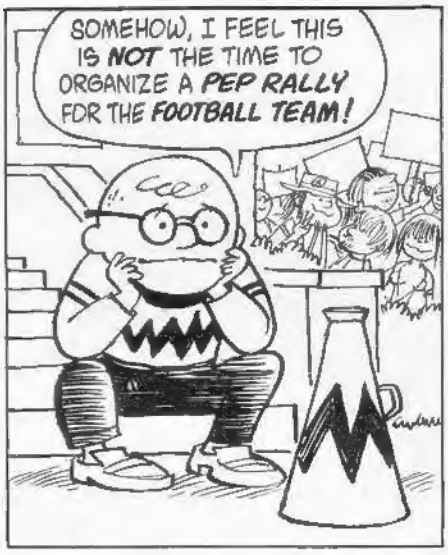
IF THE CHARACTERS IN "PEANUTS" AGED LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE

PEANUTS...

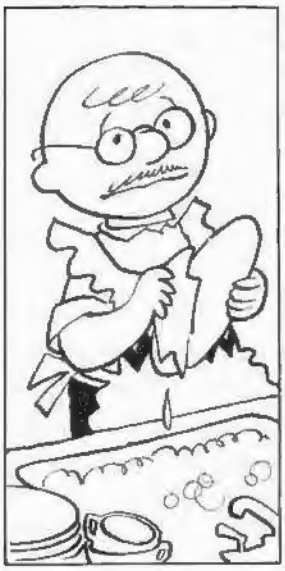


 ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

at the age of 19

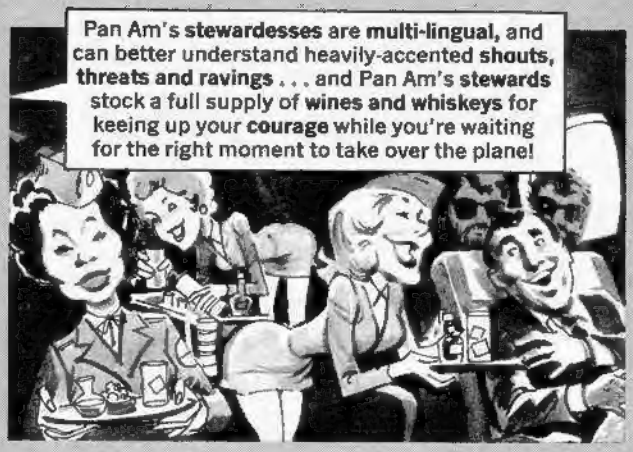


PEANUTS...at the age of 35



PEANUTS...at the age of 65

THE AIRLINE AD ON TV



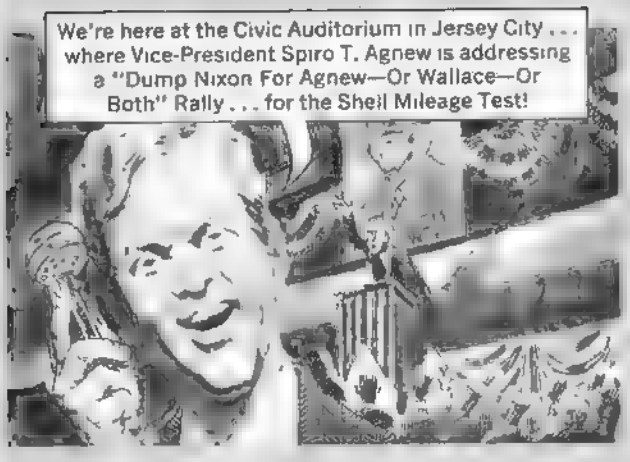
HARD-CORE-SELL DEPT.

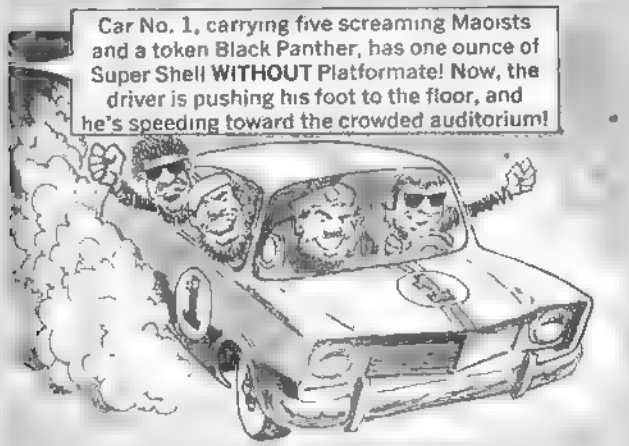
Back in the old days, radicals and extremists were poor, downtrodden members of the masses without a dime to their names. Today, however, the typical extremist is pretty well-heeled—with financial backing from indulgent parents, maniac philanthropists, subversive organizations, or (God forbid!) a job. So he's got the cash to buy dynamite before he blasts a building. He's got a credit card to buy an airline ticket before he hijacks a plane. Whether on the Far Left or Right, the extremist of today has purchasing power. Which, as we all know, is just what the boys on Madison Ave. are looking for! After all, who cares about a man's politics as long as he has a buck to spend!? Any day now we'll be seeing these ads and commercials

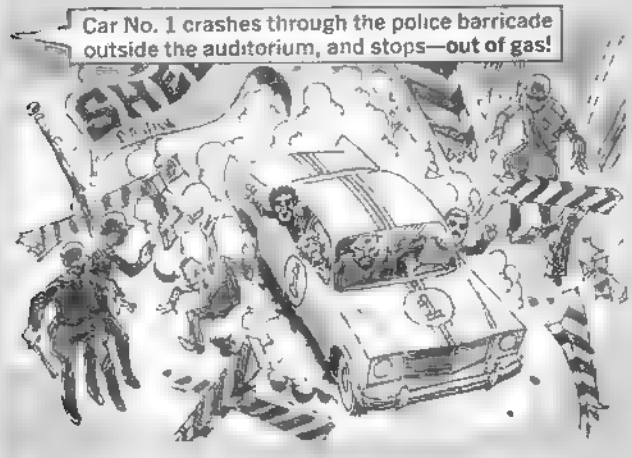
WHEN MADISON AVENUE APPEALS TO EXTREMISTS

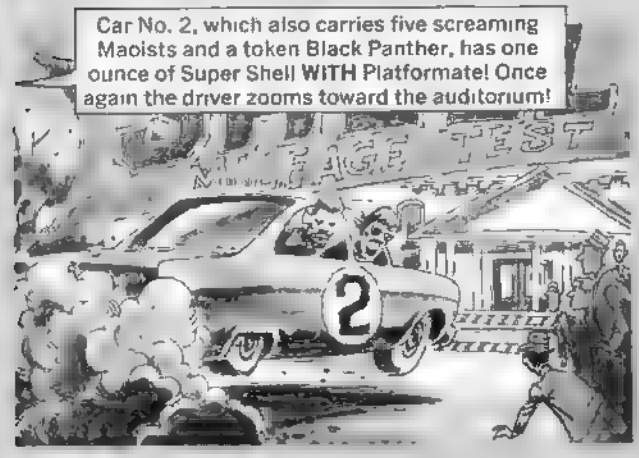
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE GASOLINE AD ON TV









THE CAR AD IN MAGAZINES

The Perfect Get-Away Car

One of these Volkswagens contains a band of KKK night-riders who just dynamited the house of a black family that moved into a white neighborhood.

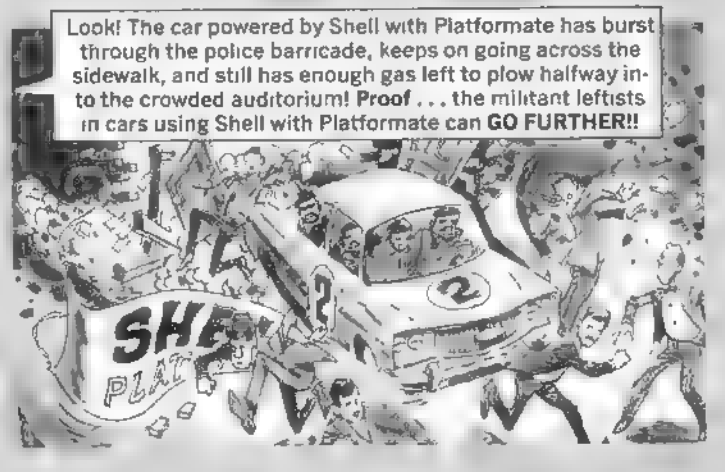
But which Volkswagen?

It's impossible to tell! Because every Volkswagen looks like a million others! For over 25 years, we've been turning out the same ugly model.

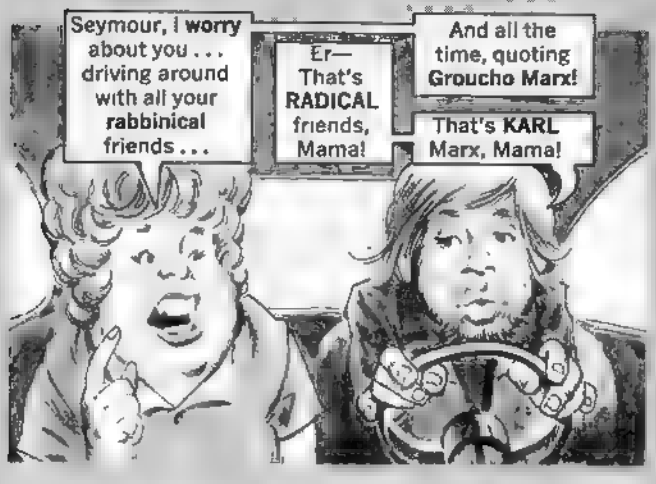
The night-riders are making a safe get-away, secure in the knowledge that even if their car were identified as a Volkswagen, it would be impossible to discover which Volkswagen! So—fear not, white supremacists and vigilantes! Continue to protect your clean, white, holy way of life!

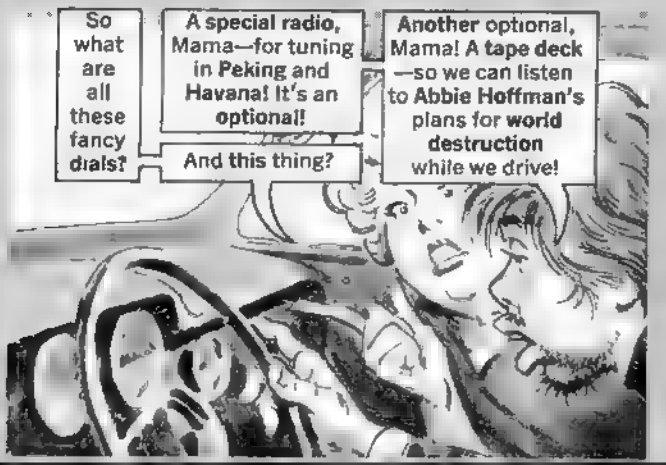
Bomb, burn, murder and destroy like Hitler did . . . in the car Hitler invented!

Volkswagen



THE CAR AD ON TV





THE INSURANCE AD IN MAGAZINES

What if the Pigs get you?

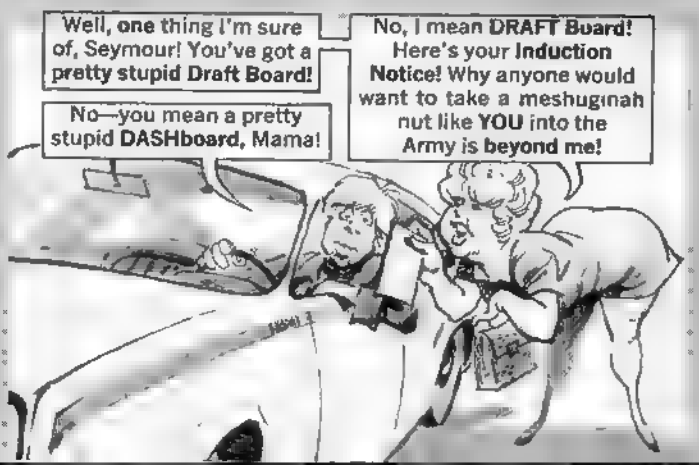
Or if a Molotov Cocktail goes off in your hands? Or if you're buried alive in a munitions factory? You won't be around to take care of *them!* Your old lady will have to raise the kid without you!

Worst of all, she may meet some square who'll want to marry her!

And your kid won't have an old man who'll teach him how to bring the war home by blowing up the Bank of America! He may never learn about Che — and Mao — and Bobby—and Bernadette!

NEW YORK LIFE

Your New York Life Agent grooves your bag. He digs your scene. Call him. Rap with him. He'll show you a plan that'll still bring in the bread should you happen to crash into that Big Freak-Out In The Sky.



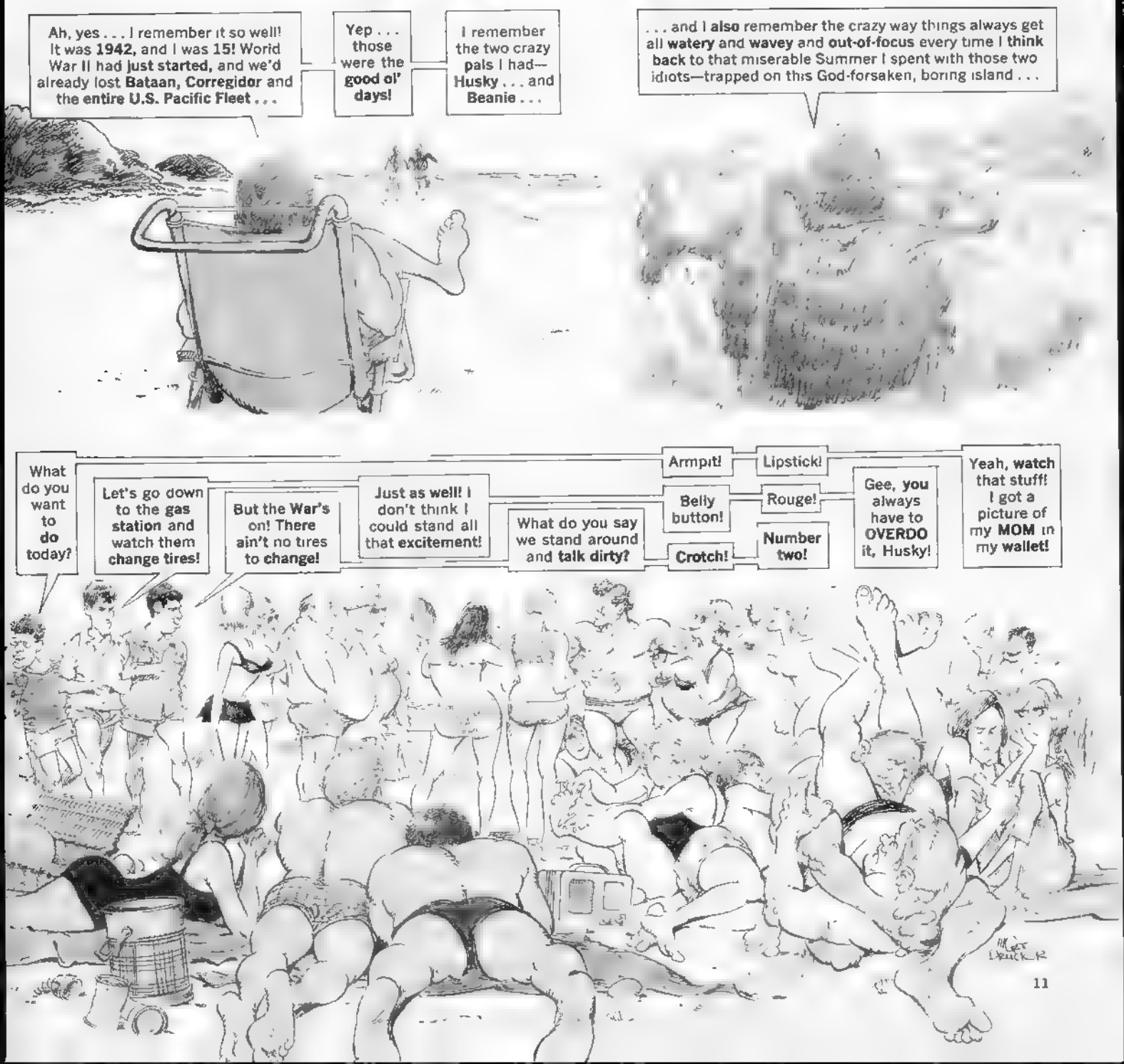
THREE TO GET READY DEPT.

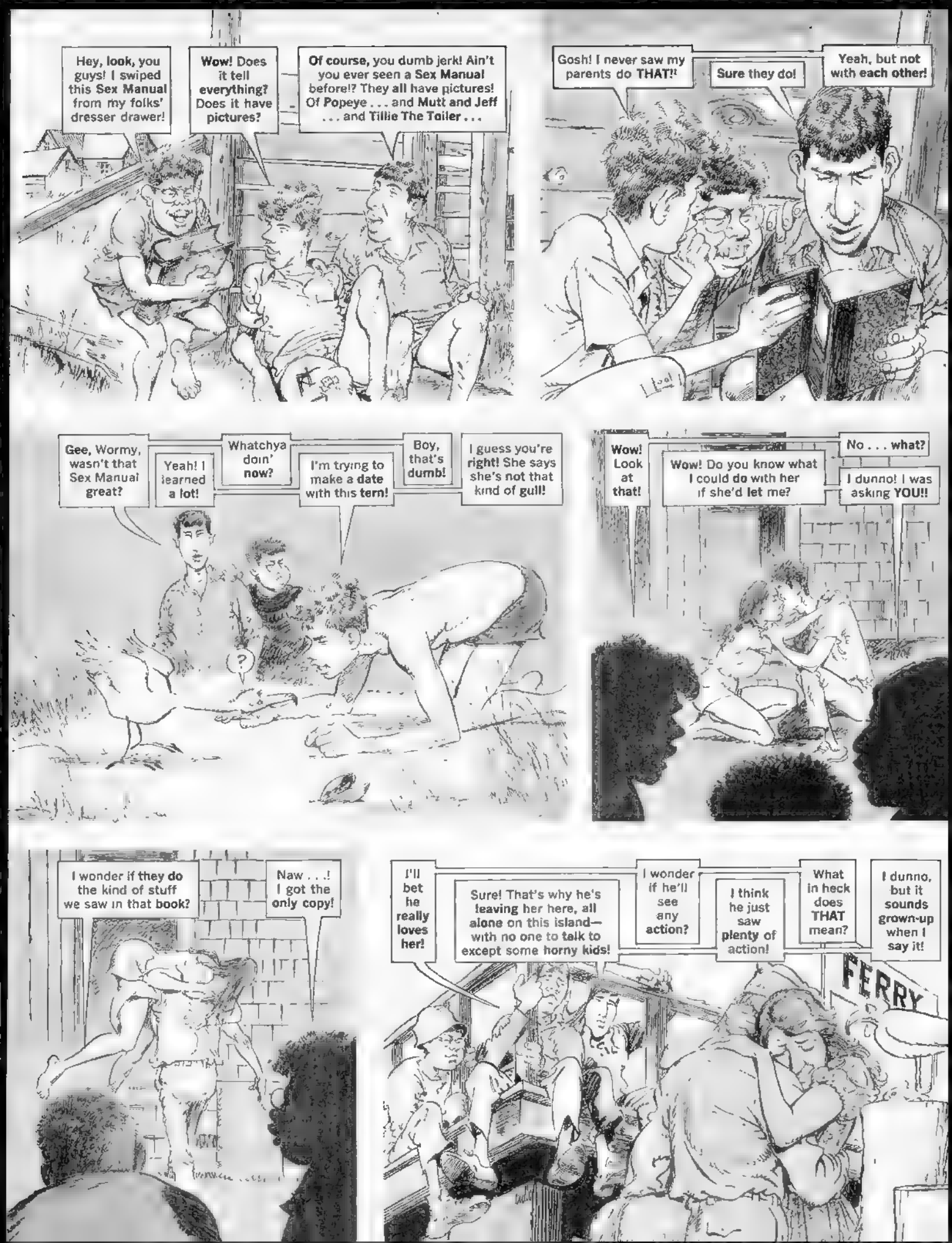
Hey, Gang! If you think your parents are uptight and inhibited now, you should have seen them when they were young. You wouldn't believe it! So the next time your old man says, "When I was your age . . ." and starts telling you about the days when he was so square, he could have slept in a Kleenex box, tell him you can now understand why he has all those hang-ups—because you read this MAD version of the movie that shows how he got that way . . . mainly by suffering . . .

THE TRAUMA OF '42

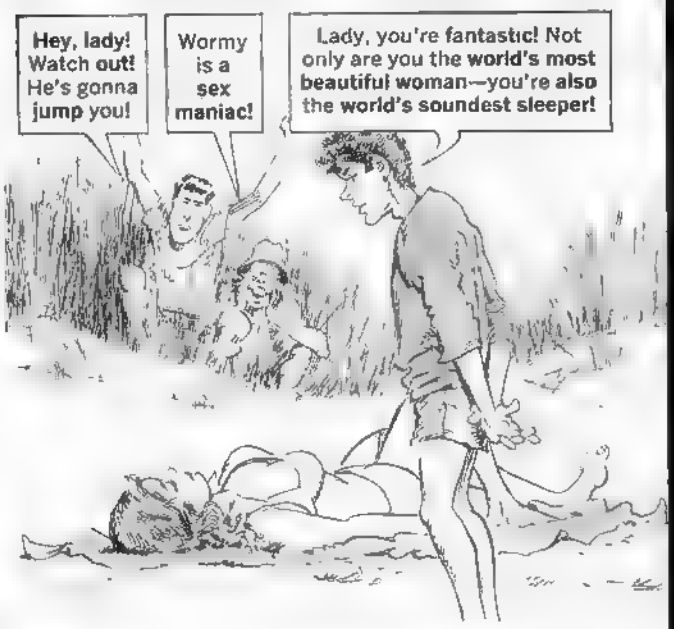
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART




Hey, look, you guys! I swiped this Sex Manual from my folks' dresser drawer!
Wow! Does it tell everything? Does it have pictures?
Of course, you dumb jerk! Ain't you ever seen a Sex Manual before!? They all have pictures! Of Popeye . . . and Mutt and Jeff . . . and Tillie The Toiler . . .
Gosh! I never saw my parents do THAT!!
Sure they do!
Yeah, but not with each other!
Gee, Wormy, wasn't that Sex Manual great?
Yeah! I learned a lot!
Whatchya doin' now?
I'm trying to make a date with this tern!
Boy, that's dumb!
I guess you're right! She says she's not that kind of gull!
?
Wow! Look at that!
Wow! Do you know what I could do with her if she'd let me?
No . . . what?
I dunno! I was asking YOU!!
I wonder if they do the kind of stuff we saw in that book?
Naw . . .! I got the only copy!
I'll bet he really loves her!
Sure! That's why he's leaving her here, all alone on this island—with no one to talk to except some horny kids!
I wonder if he'll see any action?
I think he just saw plenty of action!
What in heck does THAT mean?
I dunno, but it sounds grown-up when I say it!
FERRY

L-look, guys! There's that woman again! Isn't she beautiful?!
Oh, Husky! I think you're just divine!
Oh, Beanie! I love you!
Why don't you guys stop kidding around?!?
I don't think Beanie is kidding around!


Hey, lady! Watch out! He's gonna jump you!
Wormy is a sex maniac!
Lady, you're fantastic! Not only are you the world's most beautiful woman—you're also the world's soundest sleeper!

Oh, dear! I dropped my bags of groceries . . . which is a switch on the old cliche of dropping a handkerchief . . .
Can I help you?
Oh, would you? They're so heavy!
Really? How heavy could they be with this "Food Rationing"?!

You pick up groceries funny, kid! What are you looking for?
I dunno! Give me a hint!

Wormy, I like you! You're so young and innocent!
Oh, yeah! I'm not so innocent! I've done plenty of things . . . like holding hands, and necking, and petting, and soul-kissing!
Girls let you DO that?
I dunno! I never TRIED it on GIRLS!

I'm afraid the coffee boiled over, Wormy! Is it too hot?
Naw! I love to get third degree burns!
Great! You'll be terrific after the War—when they invent Pizza!

Take a look at those girls over there, Wormy! They look pretty wild! Let's ask them to go to the movies with us! I got a feeling we'll do great with them!
You mean?
We'll get everything but . . . !!
Everything but WHAT, Husky?
Everything but SEX!!
BETTE DAVIS IN "AN OLD TEAR-JERKER"
KILROY
Hi! I'd like to take you to the movies . . . if we go DUTCH . . .
Okay . . .!
Great! My name is—
Oh, I know your name! It's Hans Brinker!!
Put your arm around her . . . and then work down!
Golly, I'm so nervous!
POP CORN
POP CORN
Keep going! You're doing great! You're almost there!
I could die . . .!
I DID IT! I DID IT! I GOT MY HAND ON IT . . . N O W ! !
Well? How did you make out?
Solid, Jackson!
What'd you get?
Two "Milky Ways," some "Peanut Chews," half a bag of Popcorn and a hunk of Licorice Whip!
POP CORN
I'm going to see that woman tonight!
Well, if anything happens, you'll need some protection!
Good suggestion! I'll bring along my Scout knife!
I'm not talking about that kind of protection, lame brain!!
CUT GAINES RATE
DRUGSTORE
Rx
HELP!
1¢
JOIN THE ARMY
THIS MAY BE THE LAST PATRIOTIC WAR EVER

Can I help you, young man?

I . . . er . that is . . . you see, I . . . uh . . . mmmff . . . uh . . . choke!

Ah-hah! I know just what you need, fellah!

You DO?! What??

A Speech Therapist!

No, you don't understand! I —I want to have a—a good time, but I—I want to be protected!

A good time— but protected? Hmmm! Ah-hah!! You want a malted in a clean glass!

No! No! I—I have this date, and I—I don't want to get the girl in— in TROUBLE!

Well, then, go out with her brother instead! No . . . with your luck, you'll get HIM in trouble!

Okay! Okay! I want some *(whisper, whisper, whisper)!*

Oh!! Why didn't you say so? And how many packs of *(whisper, whisper, whisper)* do you want?

Just one!

One pack of *(whisper, whisper, whisper)* coming up!

Tell me . . why are we calling them *(whisper, whisper, whisper)?*

The Editor of this Magazine isn't as gutsy as he thought!

It's all here, Wormy! First you do this . . . then this . . . then this . . . then this and this and this . . .

Yeah? Then what?

You do the same things all over again to kiss her on the other cheek!

Hello . . . ? Hey, Mrs. Pushover! I'm here!

I'll be right out, Wormy! I'm putting on a black negligee!

A . . . a black negligee?!? *Gulp!* Why??

I just got a telegram telling me my husband was killed in action— and I'm in mourning!

Come into the bedroom with me, Wormy . . .

Are you sure you want to do this . . . after the news of your husband's death?

I'm sure! Besides, NOW I'm not being unfaithful!

Please, Wormy . . Don't make me ask you! Get undressed and get into bed!

Aw, gee, whiz!

What's the matter . . . ?

It's Friday, and it's only 8 o'clock! I don't have to be in bed on Fridays until 10 o'clock!

Wowwee! This sure is fun!!

It'll be even more fun when I get in there WITH you!

Gee, Mr. Mulligan! Won't this kind of a scene get us an "R" rating?!?

I certainly hope so!

But that will mean kids under 17 won't be able to see a film that's about kids under 17!

Precisely! You think we older folks want the kids of today to see how dopey their fathers really were?!?

I love you, lady! Please wait for me to grow up, and we can get married?!?

But, Wormy! I'm at least 10 years OLDER than you!

It won't matter! Honest it won't!

But I was wrong! It DID matter! Yes . . . I was 15 . . . and she was 26 back in the Summer of '42 . . .

Now, it's the Summer of '72! And I'm 45 . . . and she's an old bag of—yecch—57!!

Tell me you love me, Wormy!

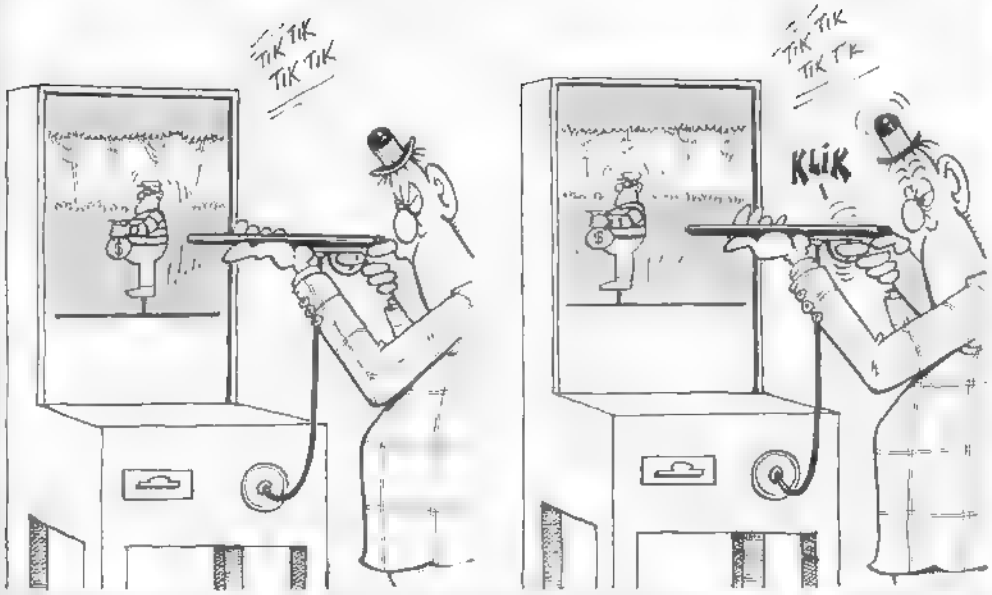
All right! I love you! Now, shut up and let me enjoy the scenery!!

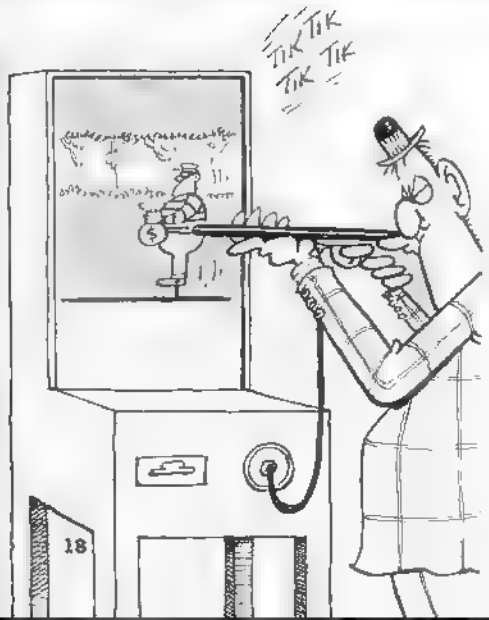
CON VEX DEPT.

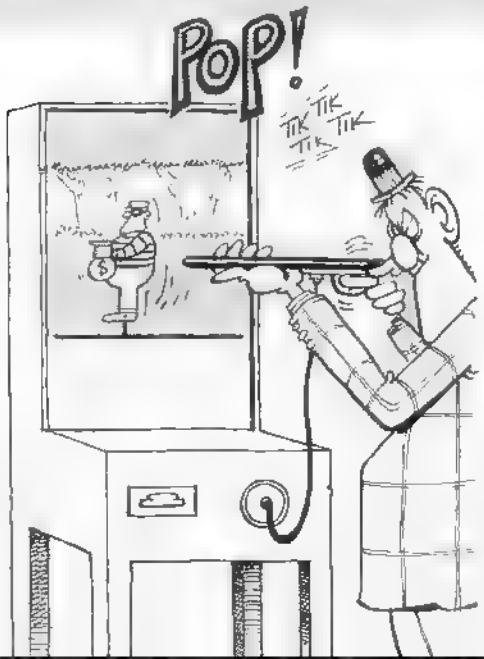
THE GREAT ESCAPE PLOT

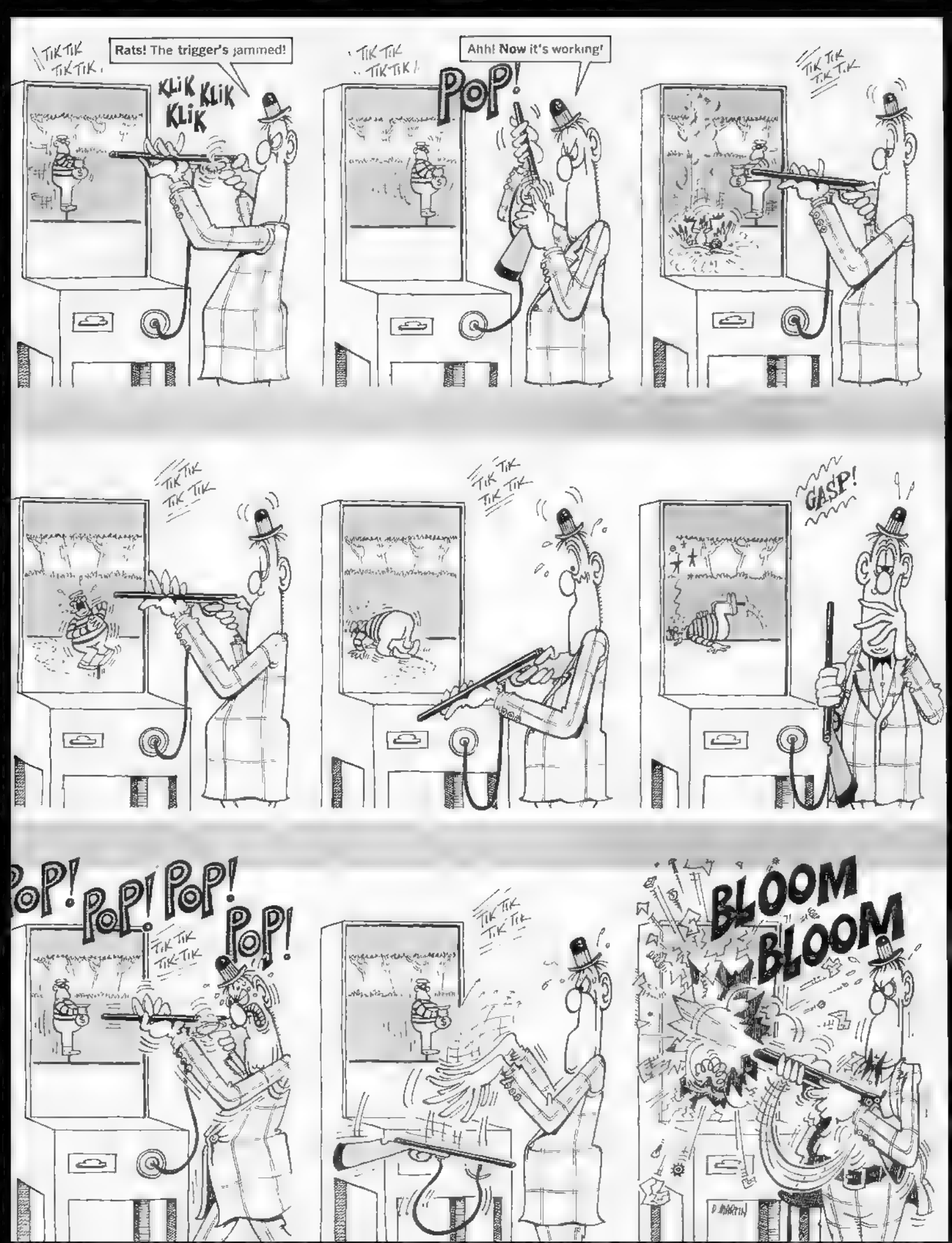
ARTIST & WRITER SERGIO ARAGONES

DON MARTIN IN A PLAY-LAND







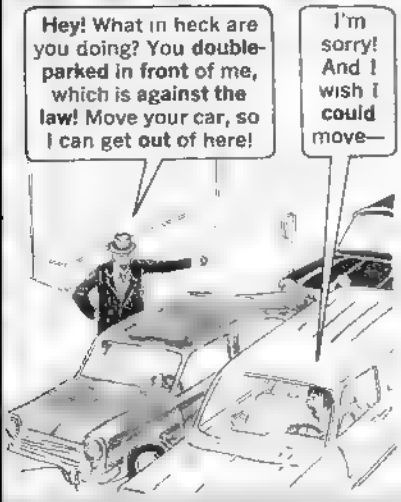

TIK TIK TIK TIK
Rats! The trigger's jammed!
KLIK KLIK KLIK
TIK TIK TIK TIK
Ahh! Now it's working!
POP!
TIK TIK TIK TIK
TIK TIK TIK TIK
TIK TIK TIK TIK
GASP!
POP! POP! POP! POP!
TIK TIK TIK TIK
TIK TIK TIK TIK
BLOOM BLOOM

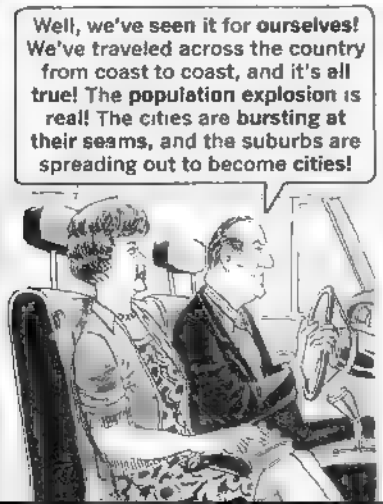
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

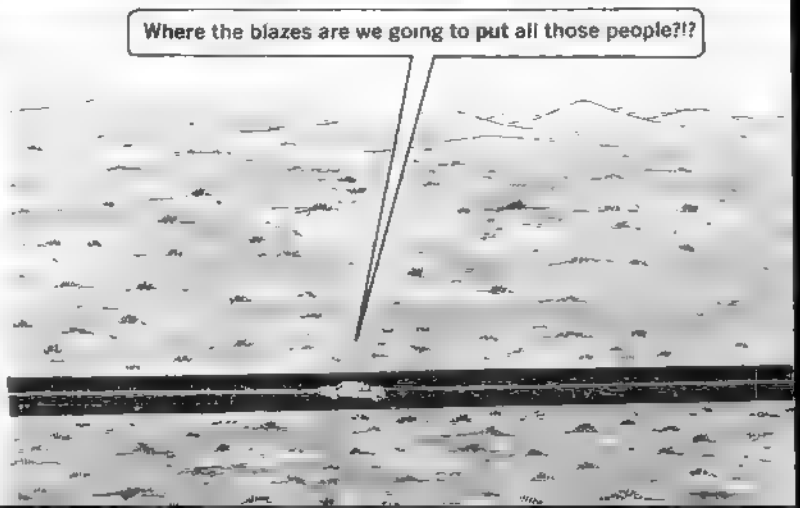
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... LIVING

SPACE

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG







I can remember when I'd leave the house **without even locking my door!**

But today, with the **drug culture,** addicts are so desperate they'll steal **anything** to get a fix! I've been robbed **five times!** I've lost my new **fur coat,** my **TV set** and all my **jewelry!** Why, it got so bad, I went out and bought an **expensive lock . . .** and now I **LOCK my door!**

Oh, my gosh! I've been **robbed again!**

What did they steal **this time?**

The expensive lock!!

Darn these busses! They make the seats **too narrow!**

Darn these busses! They make the seats **too close together!**

Darn these busses! They make the seats **too high up!**

Darn these busses! They make the seats **too hard!**

Darn these busses! They don't make **enough seats!** Next time, I take my **car!**

Darn this traffic! Next time, I leave the car **home** and **take the bus!**

Hi, Mom! Wow, what **conditions** at this newschool I'm going to! It's so **over-crowded!!**

Oh, that's **terrible!**

Classrooms that were meant to hold **twenty-five** students are jammed with **fifty** and **sixty!**

Oh, that's **terrible!**

There are so many **kids** in my class, by the time the teacher finishes taking **attendance,** the period is **over!**

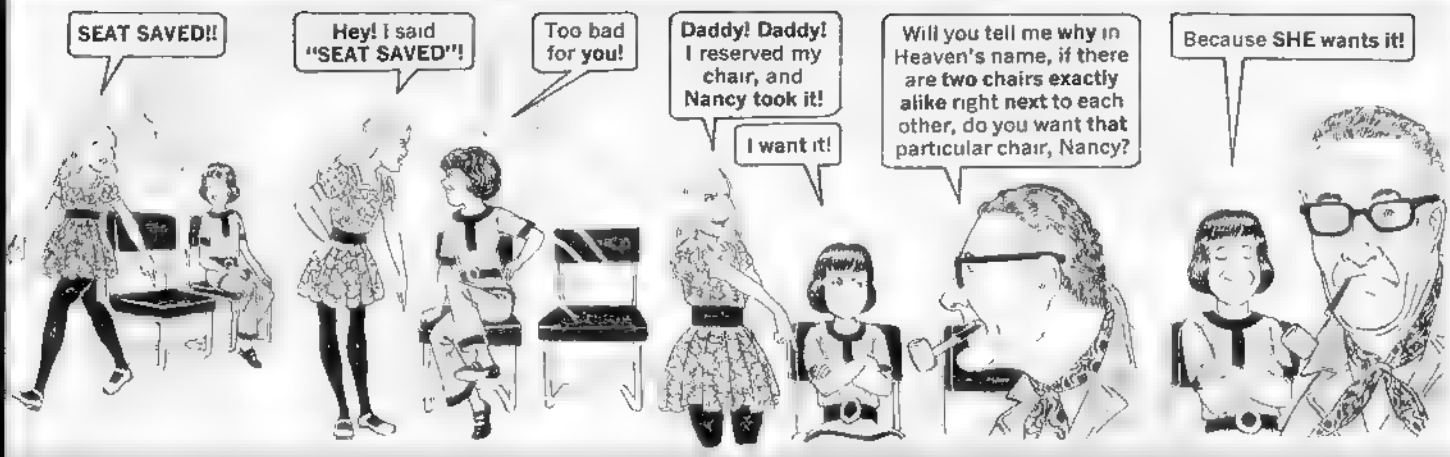
Oh, that's **terrible!**

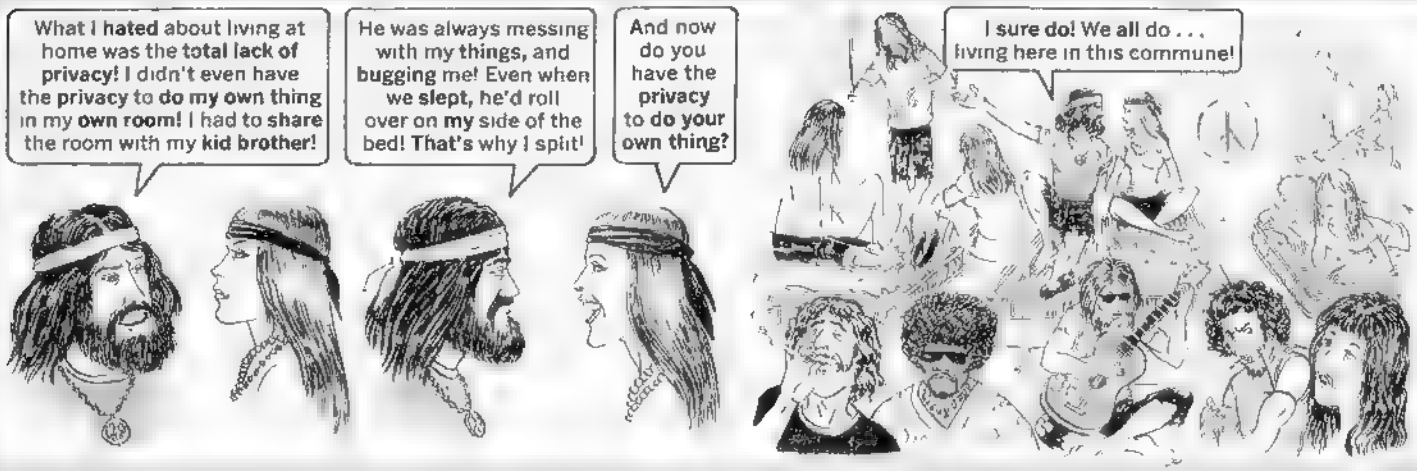
No, that's **GREAT!!**

Man, **this is the life!** Back to the **great outdoors!** Back to the **wide open spaces!** Back to living under the **sky,** breathing **fresh air,** and cooking meals over an **open fire!** Man, **this is the life!**

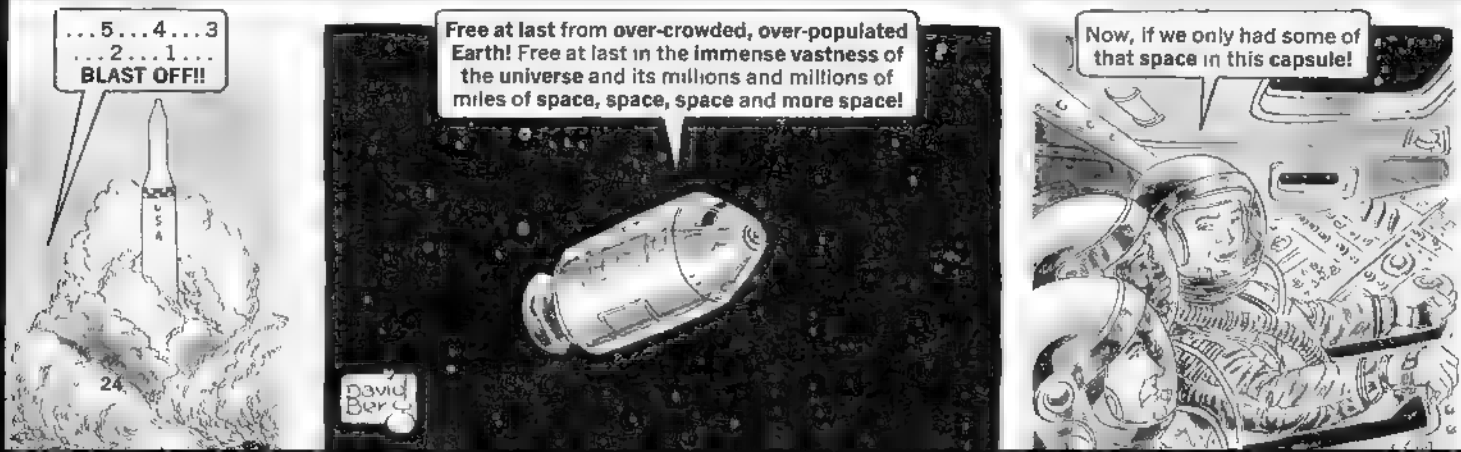
You said it, baby!!

Oh, wow, how I hate these lecture halls! Everybody sits in the back so they can hack around! Well, I hate being hemmed in! Today, I'm sitting up front, all by myself!
Testing . . . one . . . two . . . three . . .
THE MIKE SEEMS TO BE DEAD, SO . . . EVERYBODY MOVE UP FRONT!
I'd BUY this house in a minute, except for one thing! The living room is too small!
Just leave that to me! All we have to do is line one wall from floor to ceiling with mirrors! That will give the illusion of a very large living room!
And where, pray tell, do we get all these mirrors to create this great illusion?
We buy them, silly!
And where do we get all the money to buy this great illusion?
Oh, that's easy!
From the same place that you illusioned you could afford to buy this expensive house!
Well? How do you like living alone?
I'm not living alone!
Oh? You have a room mate?
No, there's a whole bunch of us living here!
Oh, wow! It must be a blast!
Not really! It keeps me busy, though!
I'm sharing this apartment with a nest of cockroaches!
SWAT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE LIVING ROOM?! GET OUT OF THERE THIS INSTANT!!
DON'T YOU EVER LET ME CATCH YOU IN THE LIVING ROOM AGAIN! WHAT DO YOU THINK IT'S FOR??
Er . . . for people to live in . . . ?
THAT SHOWS HOW IGNORANT YOU ARE! A LIVING ROOM IS NOT FOR LIVING, AND IT'S NOT FOR PEOPLE!
Then what's it for?
COMPANY!!


SEAT SAVED!!
Hey! I said "SEAT SAVED"!
Too bad for you!
Daddy! Daddy! I reserved my chair, and Nancy took it!
I want it!
Will you tell me why in Heaven's name, if there are two chairs exactly alike right next to each other, do you want that particular chair, Nancy?
Because SHE wants it!


What I hated about living at home was the total lack of privacy! I didn't even have the privacy to do my own thing in my own room! I had to share the room with my kid brother!
He was always messing with my things, and bugging me! Even when we slept, he'd roll over on my side of the bed! That's why I split!
And now do you have the privacy to do your own thing?
I sure do! We all do . . . living here in this commune!

Look at this garage! It's so cluttered with junk, we don't even have room for our car!
Why don't you learn a lesson from Nick Finster down the block! He cleaned out HIS garage! Go take a look at the junk HE threw out!
All right, already! I'll look!
Well, did you learn something?
I sure did!
I learned that Nick Finster is an idiot! Look at this beautiful stuff he threw out!


. . . 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . BLAST OFF!!
Free at last from over-crowded, over-populated Earth! Free at last in the immense vastness of the universe and its millions and millions of miles of space, space, space and more space!
Now, if we only had some of that space in this capsule!
David Berg

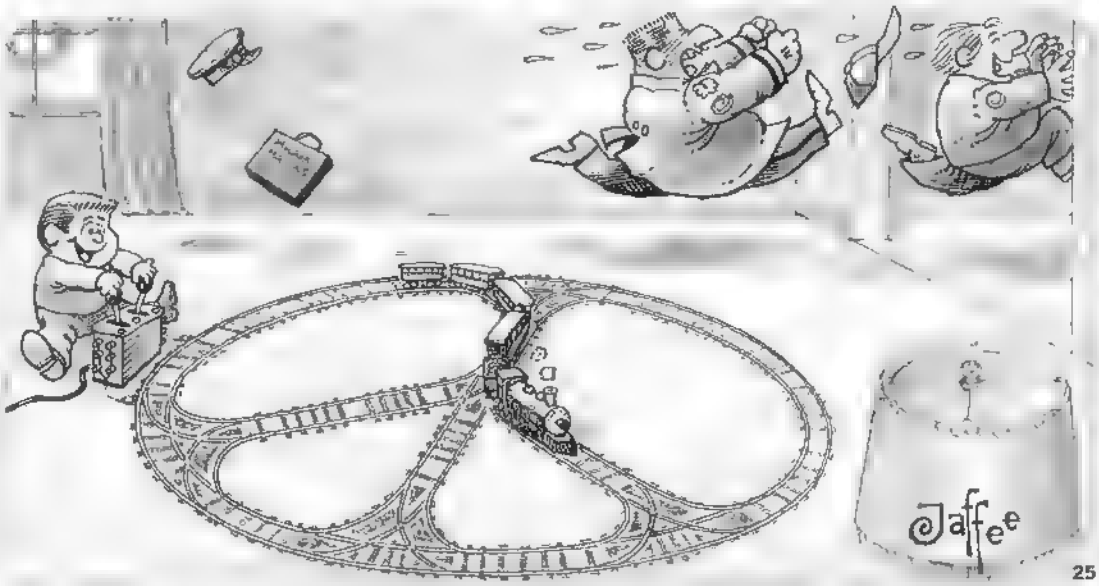
FOWL PLAY DEPT.

MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES

PRIVATE DOVES

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



ESCAPE CLAUS DEPT.

A few issues back (MAD #142) we observed there were an awful lot of one-way letter-writing by children—to God. To remedy this situation, we published some "Answers To Children's Letters—

Answers To Children'

WRITERS: DICK De BARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

Dear Susan,

Thank you for your photograph and your kind offer, but you are a little too young for me.

By the way, who is that older girl to your immediate left?

Curiously,
Santa

Dear Lester,

I know that you've been a "darling, sweet boy" all year, but are you sure that your parents want you to have a pair of high heels?

Very truly your,
Santa

Dear Jill,

Of course I am an American! It's just that I get a better deal on toys made in Japan.

Best regards,
Santa

Dear Owen,

Are you sure you want a train set just like the Long Island Railroad? Or would you rather have one that runs?

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Glenn,

I'm sorry, but what you asked for cannot be transported across State lines.

Best regards,
Santa

Dear Pam,

Santa only brings presents. I'm afraid I cannot take away your baby brother.

Fondly,
Santa

Dear Harvey,

I am taking the liberty of bringing you a box of Scott's "Utility Lawn Seed." Isn't that what you had in mind when you asked for some "grass"?

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Peter,

Yes, I have the "dirty books" you mentioned. But if your Daddy really wants them, he's going to have to write me his own letter.

Respectfully,
Santa

Dear Michael,

That was not me you saw your Mommy kissing on Christmas Eve! I don't wear a sailor suit.

Sincerely,
Santa

From God." With the Christmas Season upon us, there's an awful lot of one-way letter-writing by children to another busy person —mainly Santa Claus. To remedy this situation, MAD presents . . .

s Letters—From Santa

PHOTO BY DPI

Dear Brad,

I think you take some of the spirit out of Christmas when you ask for "Cash--or ELSE!"

Yours truly,
Santa

Dear John,

I would have been happy to bring you a kiddie car this year, but unfortunately, they've all been recalled by the factory.

Respectfully,
Santa

Dear Bobby,

Thank you for being so considerate. Although I appreciate your wanting to save me work, I will still have to know exactly what you want. I cannot just bring you your own "Master Charge Card."

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Eugene,

I have a lot of interesting things with which to fill stockings, but Raquel Welch is not one of them.

Love,
Santa

Dear Jodi,

No matter what your parents found in your backyard last year, I can assure you that before we left the North Pole, I curbed all the reindeer.

Best wishes,
Santa

Dear Dick,

Bringing you a SCUBA outfit is easy. But finding a lake that's clear enough to see something in is going to be your problem.

Sincerely,
Santa

Dear Jerry,

I'm sorry, but I cannot give you part of a Slot Car Racing Set for being good some of the time.

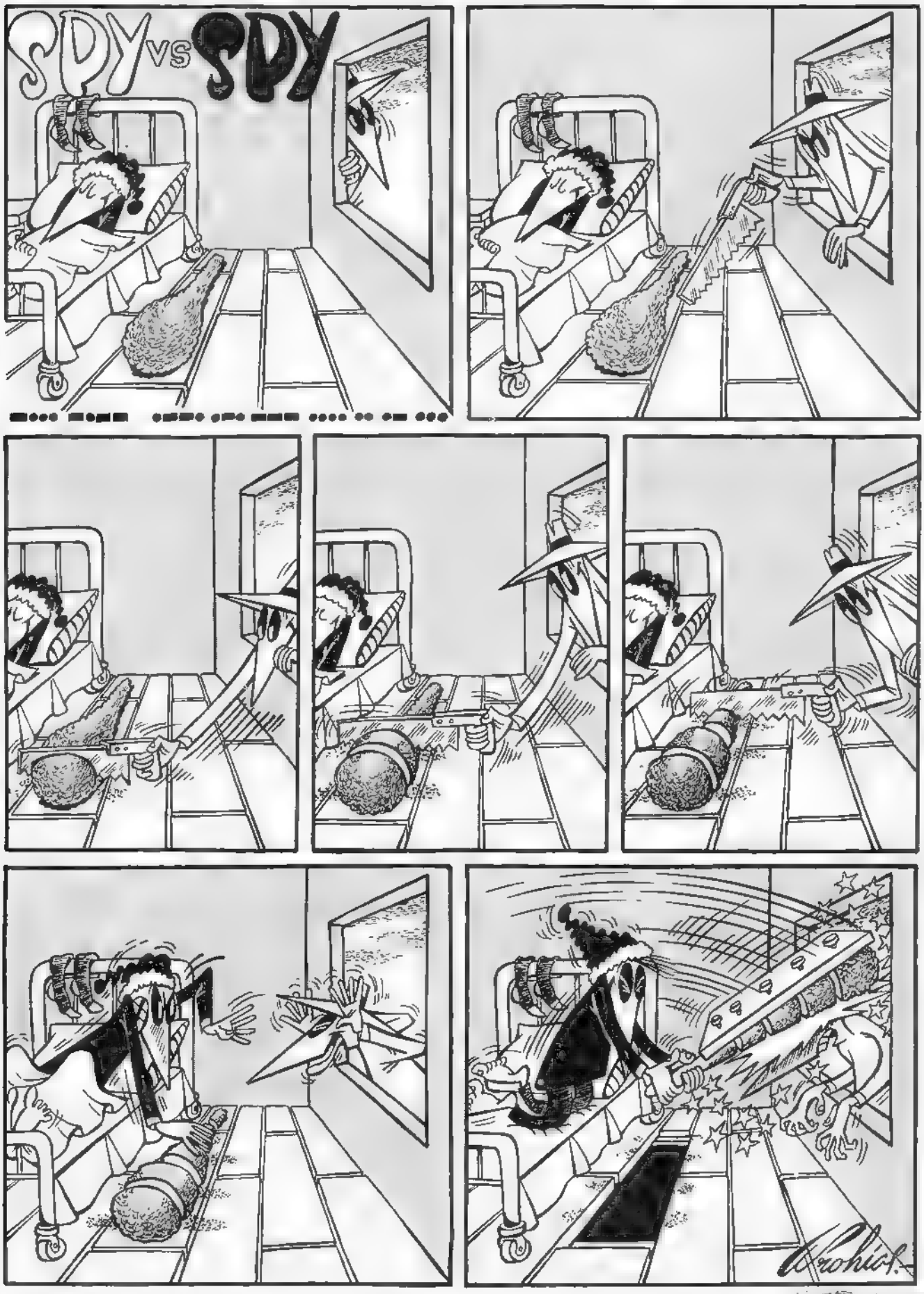
Cordially,
Santa

Dear Karen,

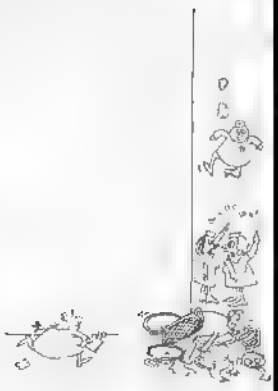
I'm sorry that the "Talking Doll" I brought you last year didn't work. Now, will you please get the Better Business Bureau off my back?

Cordially,
Santa

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



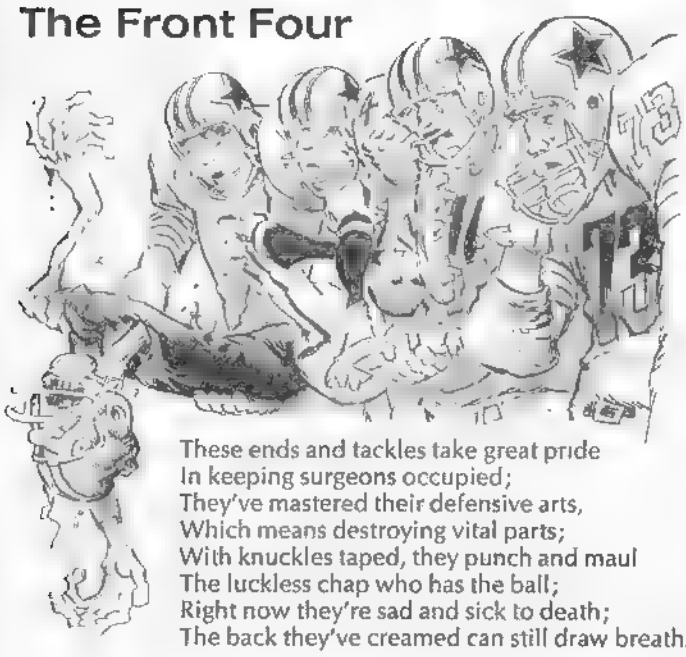
MAD'S RHYMING GUIDE TO PRO FOOTBALL



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

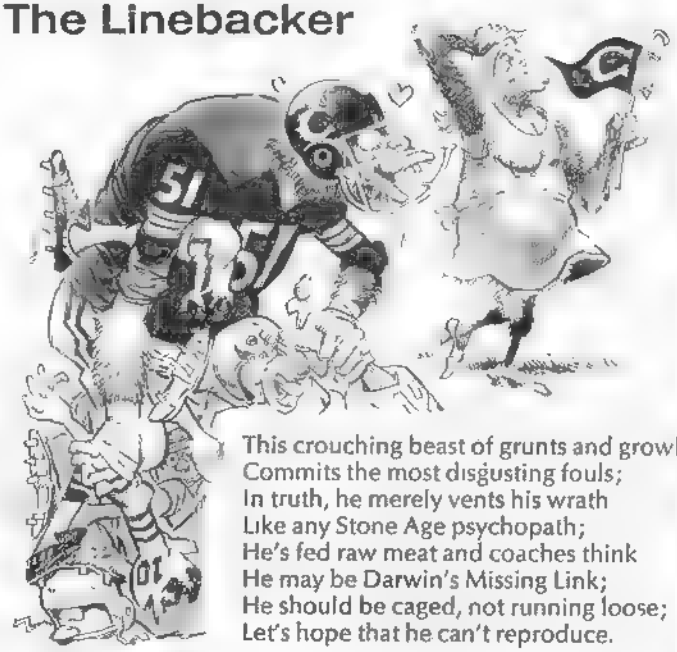
I—The Defensive Team

The Front Four



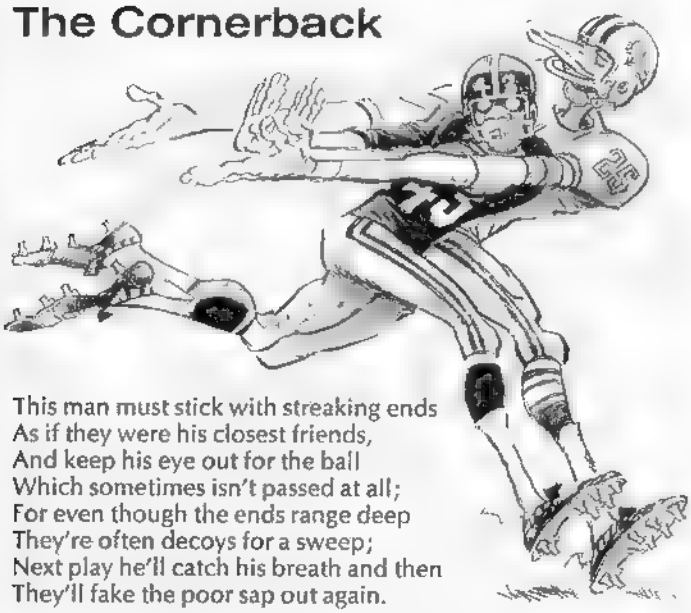
These ends and tackles take great pride
In keeping surgeons occupied;
They've mastered their defensive arts,
Which means destroying vital parts;
With knuckles taped, they punch and maul
The luckless chap who has the ball;
Right now they're sad and sick to death;
The back they've creamed can still draw breath.

The Linebacker



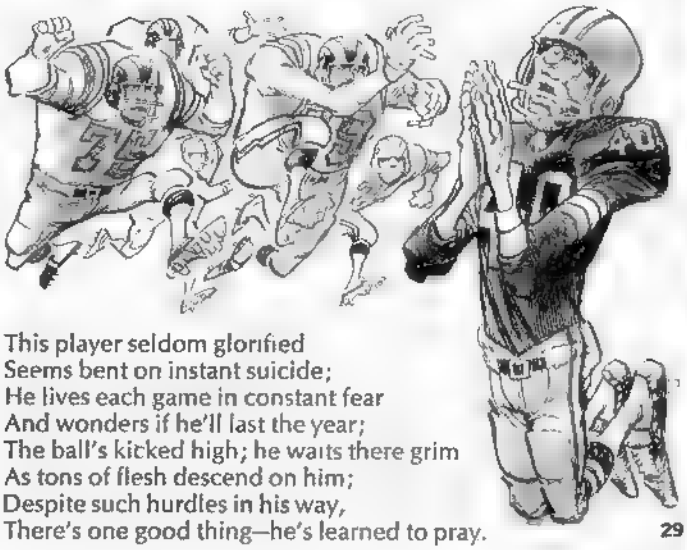
This crouching beast of grunts and growls
Commits the most disgusting fouls;
In truth, he merely vents his wrath
Like any Stone Age psychopath;
He's fed raw meat and coaches think
He may be Darwin's Missing Link;
He should be caged, not running loose;
Let's hope that he can't reproduce.

The Cornerback



This man must stick with streaking ends
As if they were his closest friends,
And keep his eye out for the ball
Which sometimes isn't passed at all;
For even though the ends range deep
They're often decoys for a sweep;
Next play he'll catch his breath and then
They'll fake the poor sap out again.

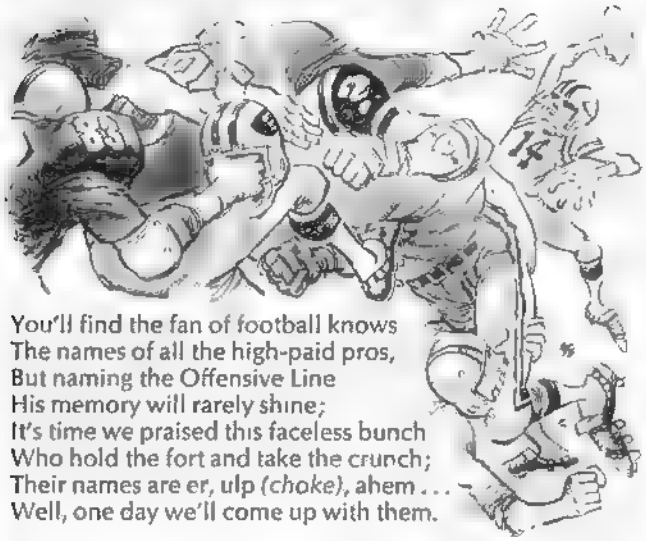
The Kick Return Specialist



This player seldom glorified
Seems bent on instant suicide;
He lives each game in constant fear
And wonders if he'll last the year;
The ball's kicked high; he waits there grim
As tons of flesh descend on him;
Despite such hurdles in his way,
There's one good thing—he's learned to pray.

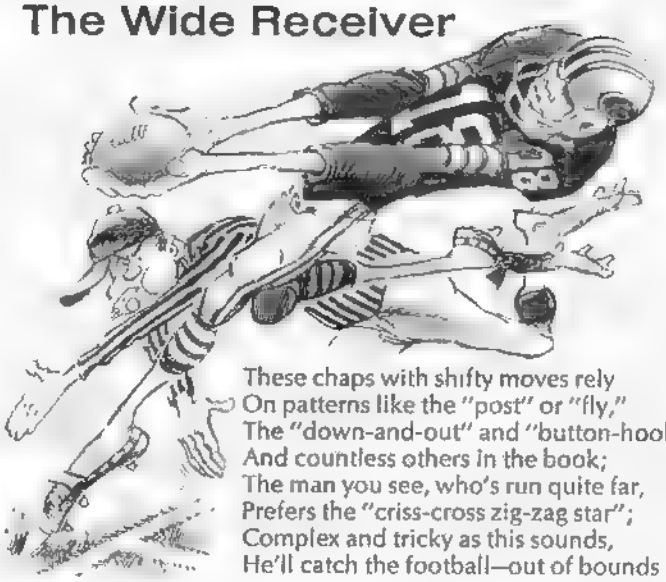
II—The Offensive Team

The Offensive Line



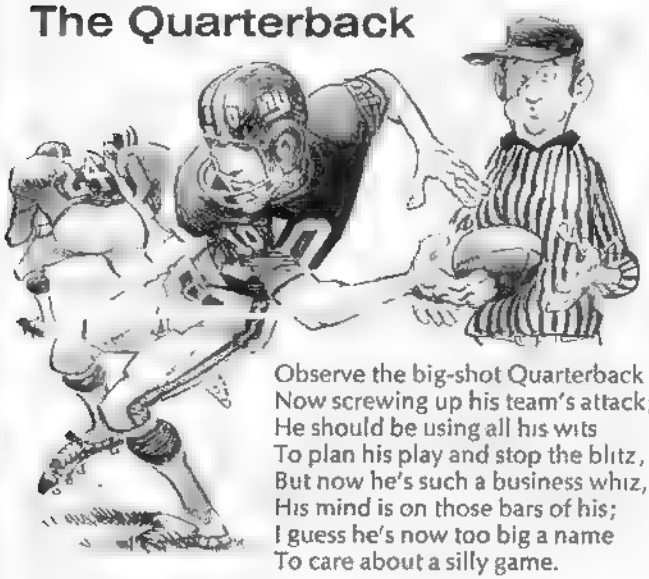
You'll find the fan of football knows
The names of all the high-paid pros,
But naming the Offensive Line
His memory will rarely shine;
It's time we praised this faceless bunch
Who hold the fort and take the crunch;
Their names are er, ulp *(choke)*, ahem . . .
Well, one day we'll come up with them.

The Wide Receiver



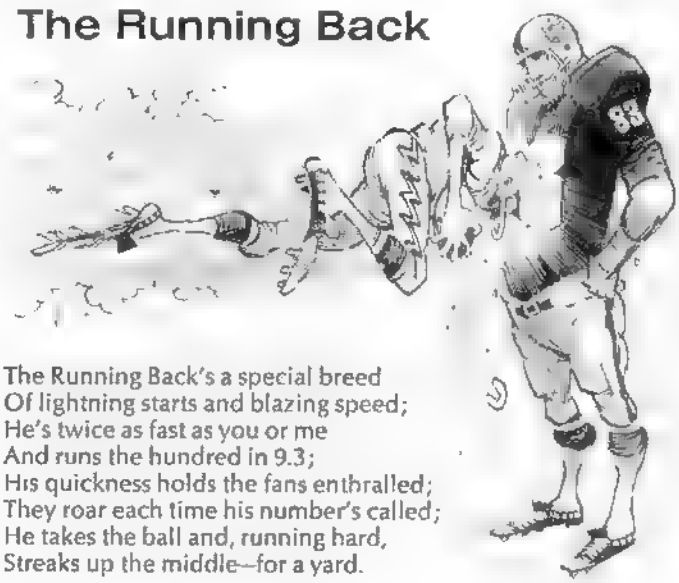
These chaps with shifty moves rely
On patterns like the "post" or "fly,"
The "down-and-out" and "button-hook"
And countless others in the book;
The man you see, who's run quite far,
Prefers the "criss-cross zig-zag star";
Complex and tricky as this sounds,
He'll catch the football—out of bounds

The Quarterback



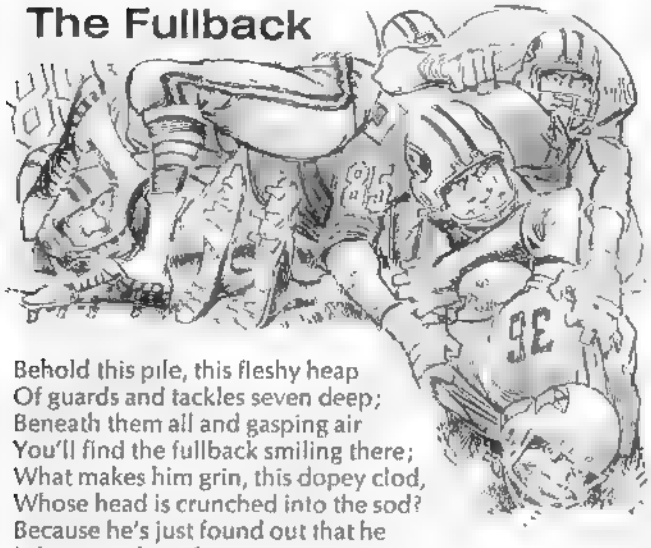
Observe the big-shot Quarterback
Now screwing up his team's attack;
He should be using all his wits
To plan his play and stop the blitz,
But now he's such a business whiz,
His mind is on those bars of his;
I guess he's now too big a name
To care about a silly game.

The Running Back



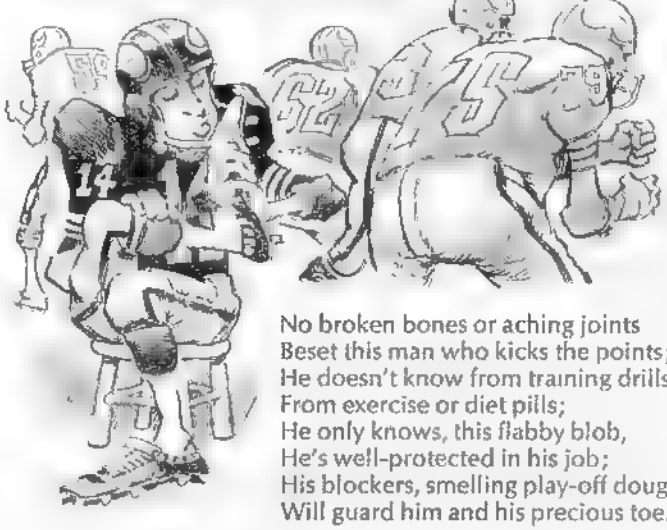
The Running Back's a special breed
Of lightning starts and blazing speed;
He's twice as fast as you or me
And runs the hundred in 9.3;
His quickness holds the fans enthralled;
They roar each time his number's called;
He takes the ball and, running hard,
Streaks up the middle—for a yard.

The Fullback



Behold this pile, this fleshy heap
Of guards and tackles seven deep;
Beneath them all and gasping air
You'll find the fullback smiling there;
What makes him grin, this dopey clod,
Whose head is crunched into the sod?
Because he's just found out that he
Is lying on the referee.

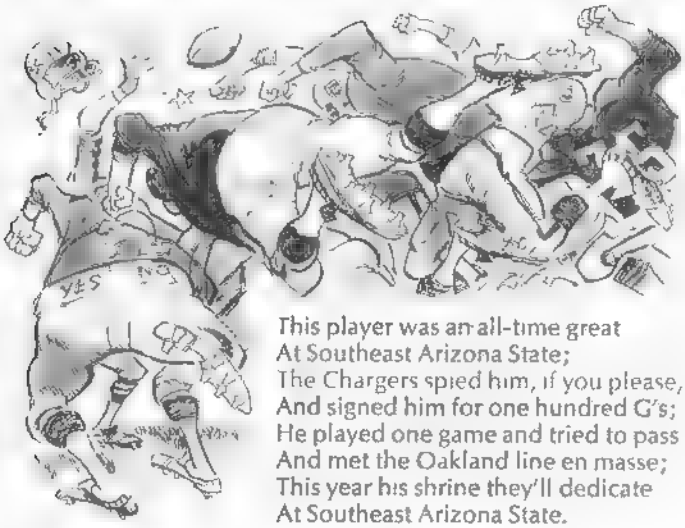
The Place-Kicker



No broken bones or aching joints
Beset this man who kicks the points;
He doesn't know from training drills,
From exercise or diet pills;
He only knows, this flabby blob,
He's well-protected in his job;
His blockers, smelling play-off dough,
Will guard him and his precious toe.

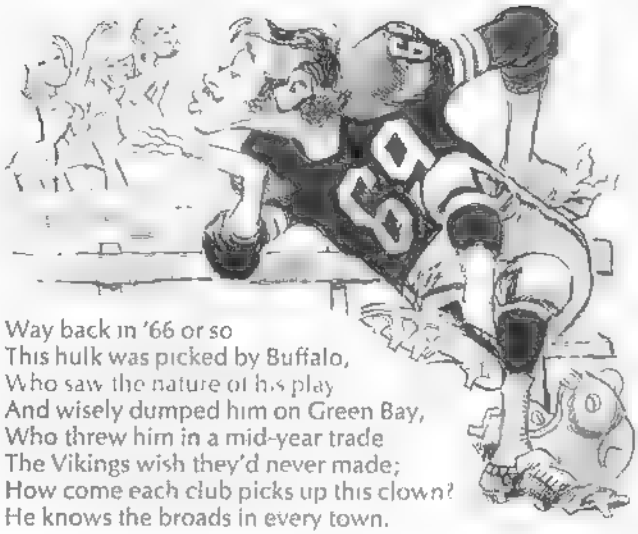
III—The Failures

The High-Priced Rookie



This player was an all-time great
At Southeast Arizona State;
The Chargers spied him, if you please,
And signed him for one hundred G's;
He played one game and tried to pass
And met the Oakland line en masse;
This year his shrine they'll dedicate
At Southeast Arizona State.

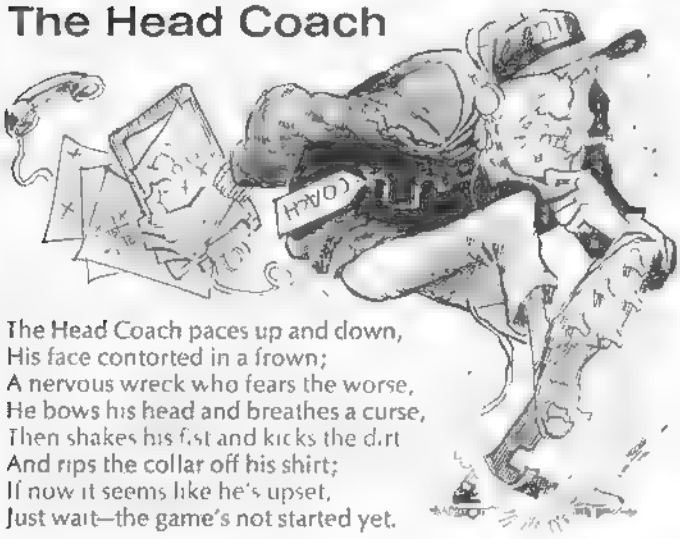
The Bench-Warmer



Way back in '66 or so
This hulk was picked by Buffalo,
Who saw the nature of his play
And wisely dumped him on Green Bay,
Who threw him in a mid-year trade
The Vikings wish they'd never made;
How come each club picks up this clown?
He knows the broads in every town.

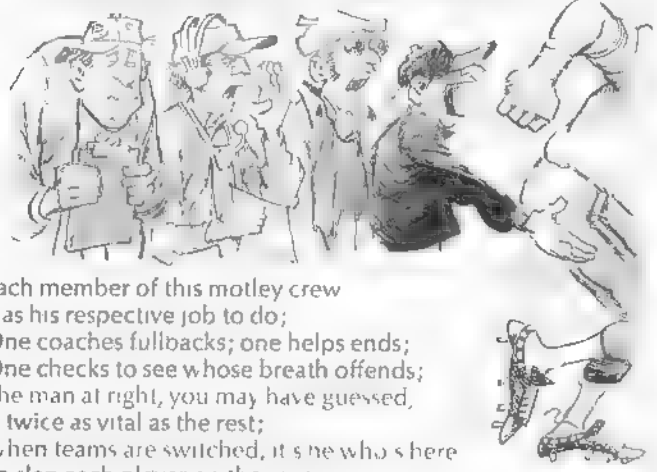
IV—The Coaching Staff

The Head Coach



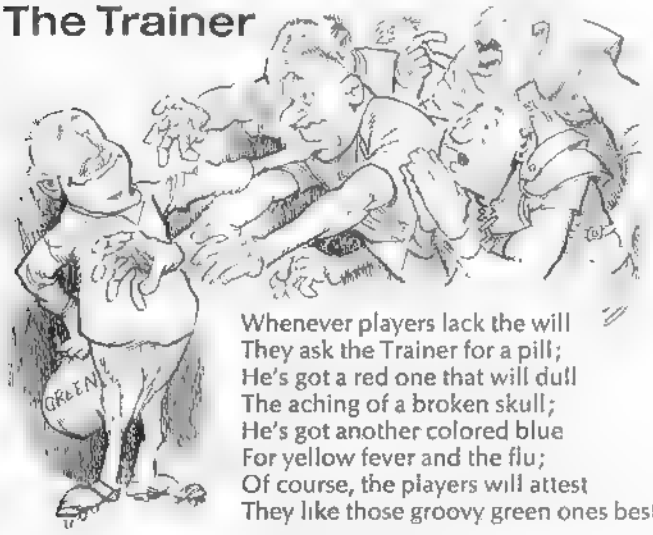
The Head Coach paces up and down,
His face contorted in a frown;
A nervous wreck who fears the worse,
He bows his head and breathes a curse,
Then shakes his fist and kicks the dirt
And rips the collar off his shirt;
If now it seems like he's upset,
Just wait—the game's not started yet.

The Assistant Coaches



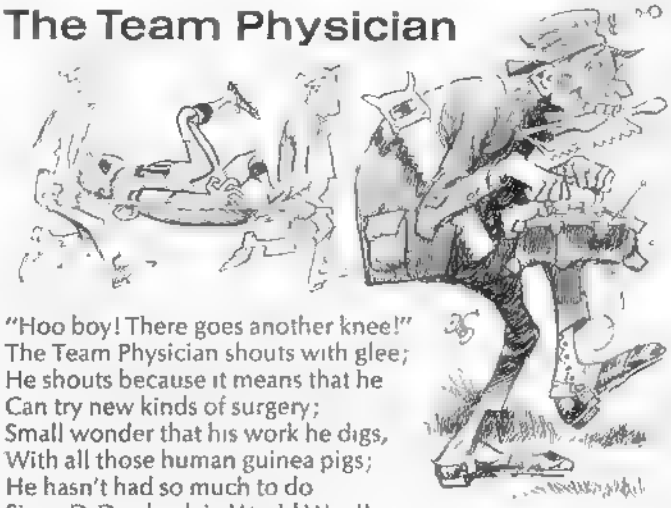
Each member of this motley crew
Has his respective job to do;
One coaches fullbacks; one helps ends;
One checks to see whose breath offends;
The man at right, you may have guessed,
Is twice as vital as the rest;
When teams are switched, it's he who's here
To slap each player on the rear.

The Trainer



Whenever players lack the will
They ask the Trainer for a pill;
He's got a red one that will dull
The aching of a broken skull;
He's got another colored blue
For yellow fever and the flu;
Of course, the players will attest
They like those groovy green ones best.

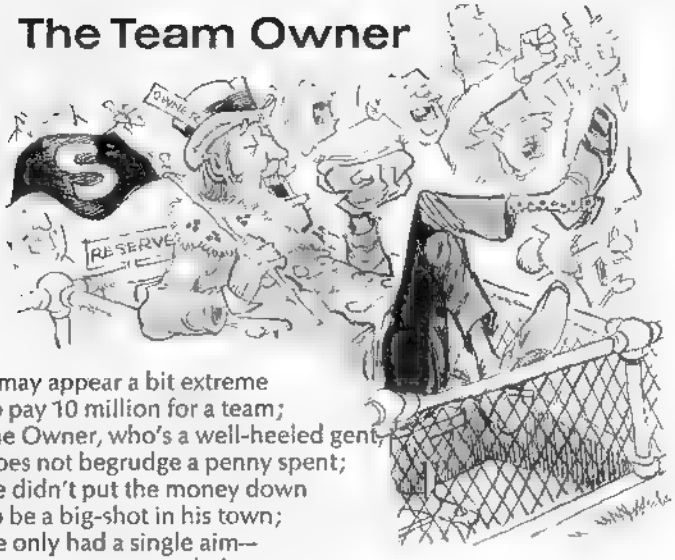
The Team Physician



"Hoo boy! There goes another knee!"
The Team Physician shouts with glee;
He shouts because it means that he
Can try new kinds of surgery;
Small wonder that his work he digs,
With all those human guinea pigs;
He hasn't had so much to do
Since D-Day back in World War II.

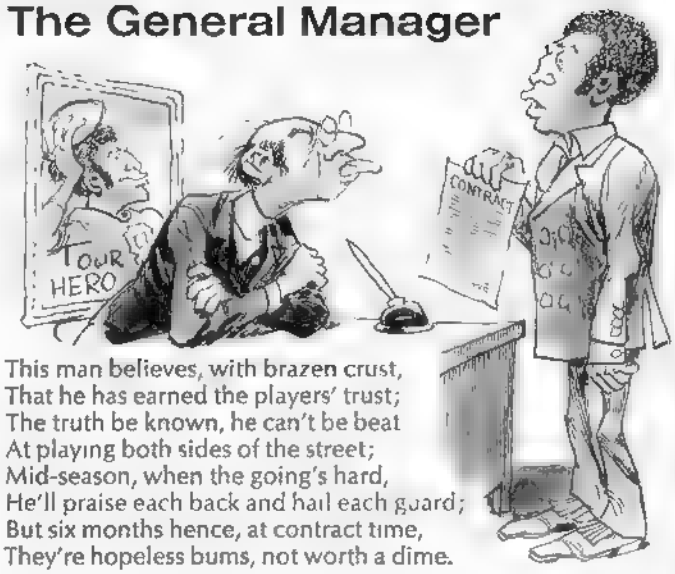
V—The Front Office

The Team Owner



It may appear a bit extreme
To pay 10 million for a team;
The Owner, who's a well-heeled gent,
Does not begrudge a penny spent;
He didn't put the money down
To be a big-shot in his town;
He only had a single aim—
To get a seat to watch the game.

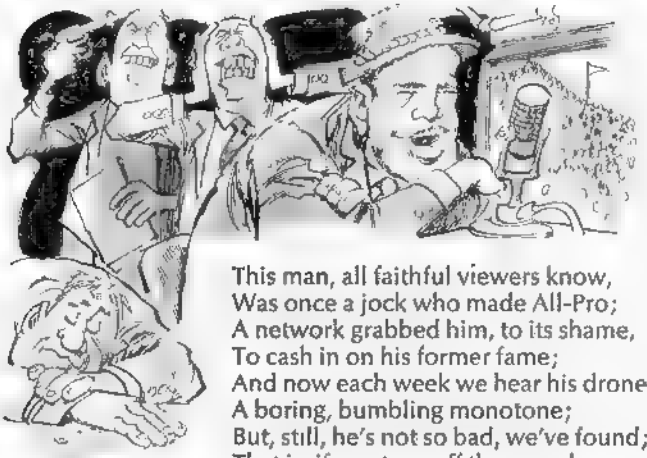
The General Manager



This man believes, with brazen crust,
That he has earned the players' trust;
The truth be known, he can't be beat
At playing both sides of the street;
Mid-season, when the going's hard,
He'll praise each back and hail each guard;
But six months hence, at contract time,
They're hopeless bums, not worth a dime.

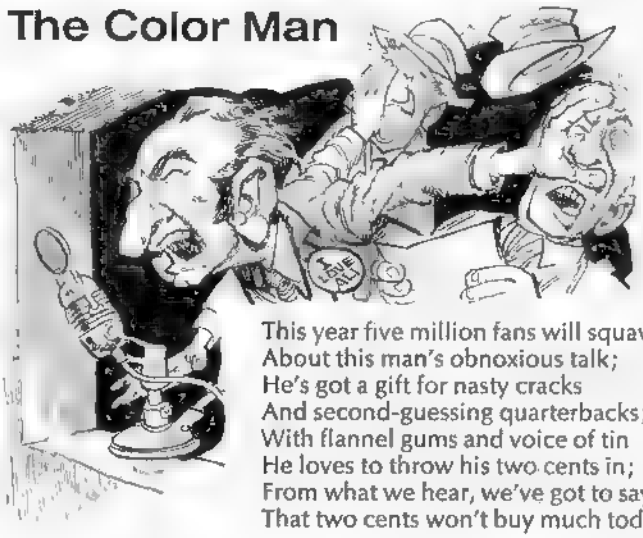
VI—The TV Crew

The Play-by-Play Announcer



This man, all faithful viewers know,
Was once a jock who made All-Pro;
A network grabbed him, to its shame,
To cash in on his former fame;
And now each week we hear his drone—
A boring, bumbling monotone;
But, still, he's not so bad, we've found;
That is, if you turn off the sound.

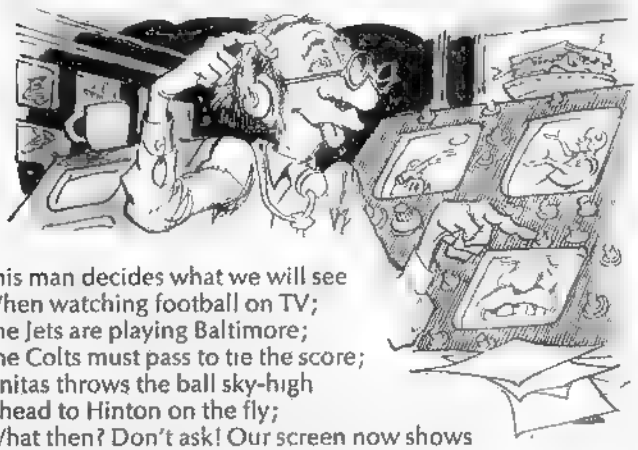
The Color Man



This year five million fans will squawk
About this man's obnoxious talk;
He's got a gift for nasty cracks
And second-guessing quarterbacks;
With flannel gums and voice of tin
He loves to throw his two cents in;
From what we hear, we've got to say
That two cents won't buy much today.

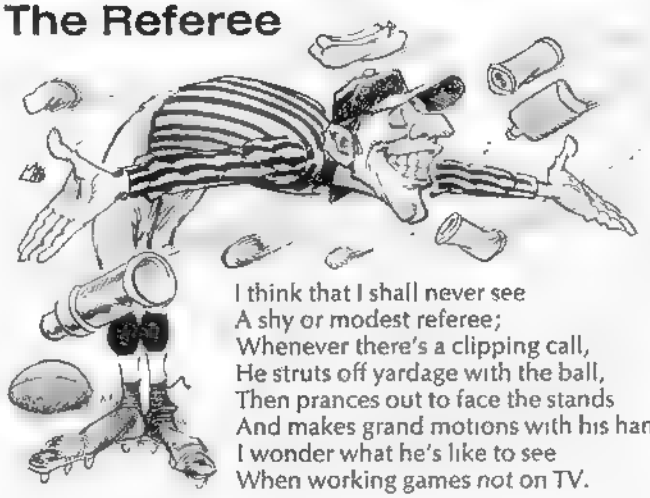
VII—And Last and Least . . .

The Technical Director



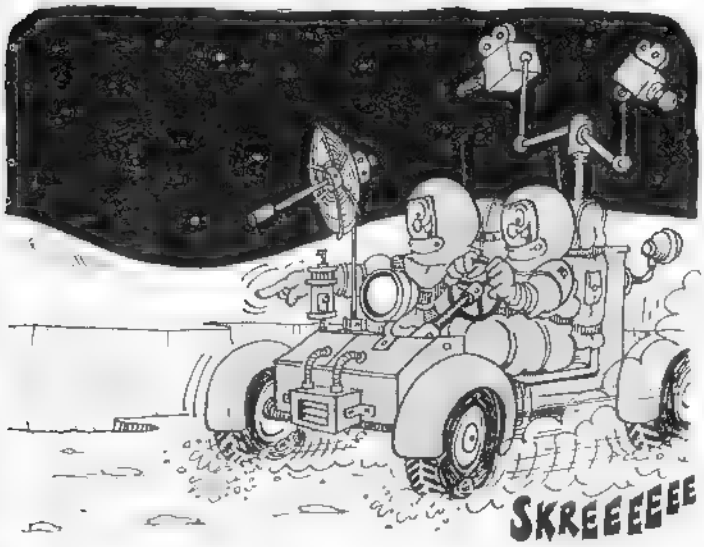
This man decides what we will see
When watching football on TV;
The Jets are playing Baltimore;
The Colts must pass to tie the score;
Unitas throws the ball sky-high
Ahead to Hinton on the fly;
What then? Don't ask! Our screen now shows
A close-up of Weeb Ewbank's nose.

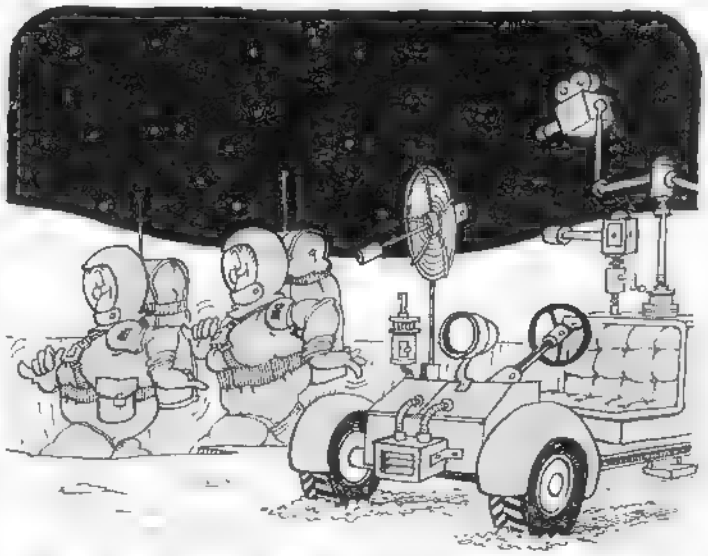
The Referee

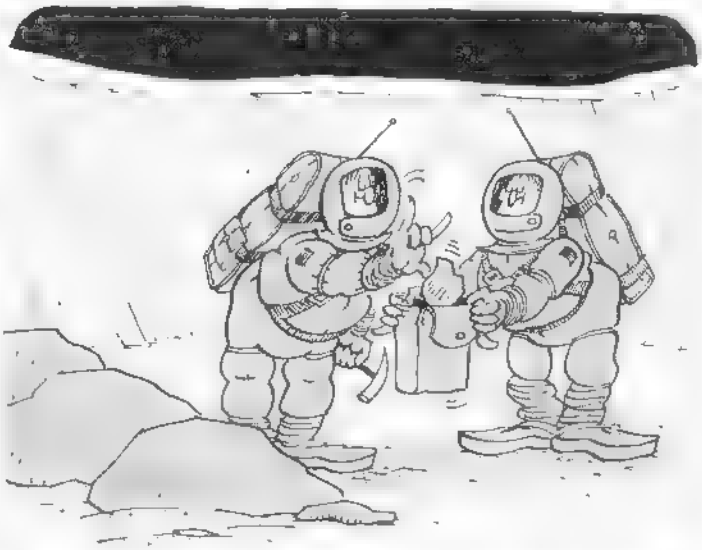


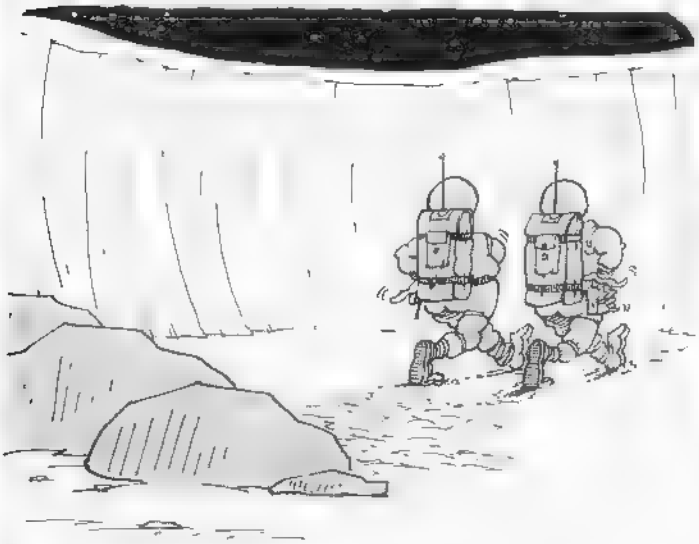
I think that I shall never see
A shy or modest referee;
Whenever there's a clipping call,
He struts off yardage with the ball,
Then prances out to face the stands
And makes grand motions with his hands;
I wonder what he's like to see
When working games *not* on TV.

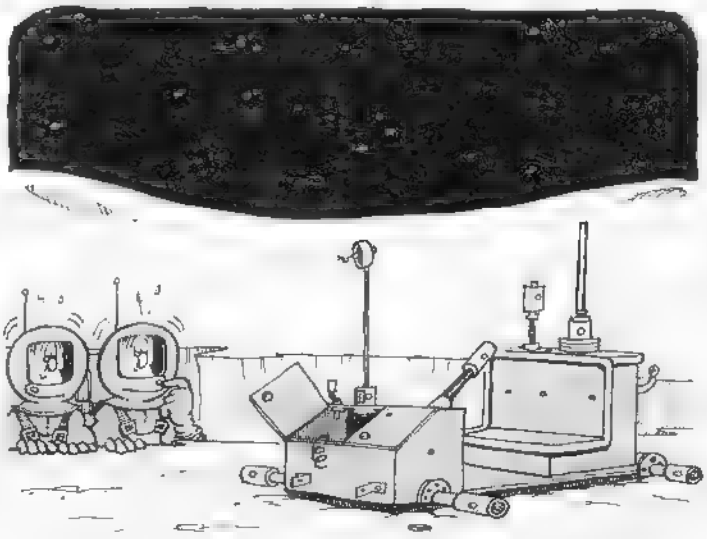
ONE THURSDAY AFTERNOON ON THE MOON









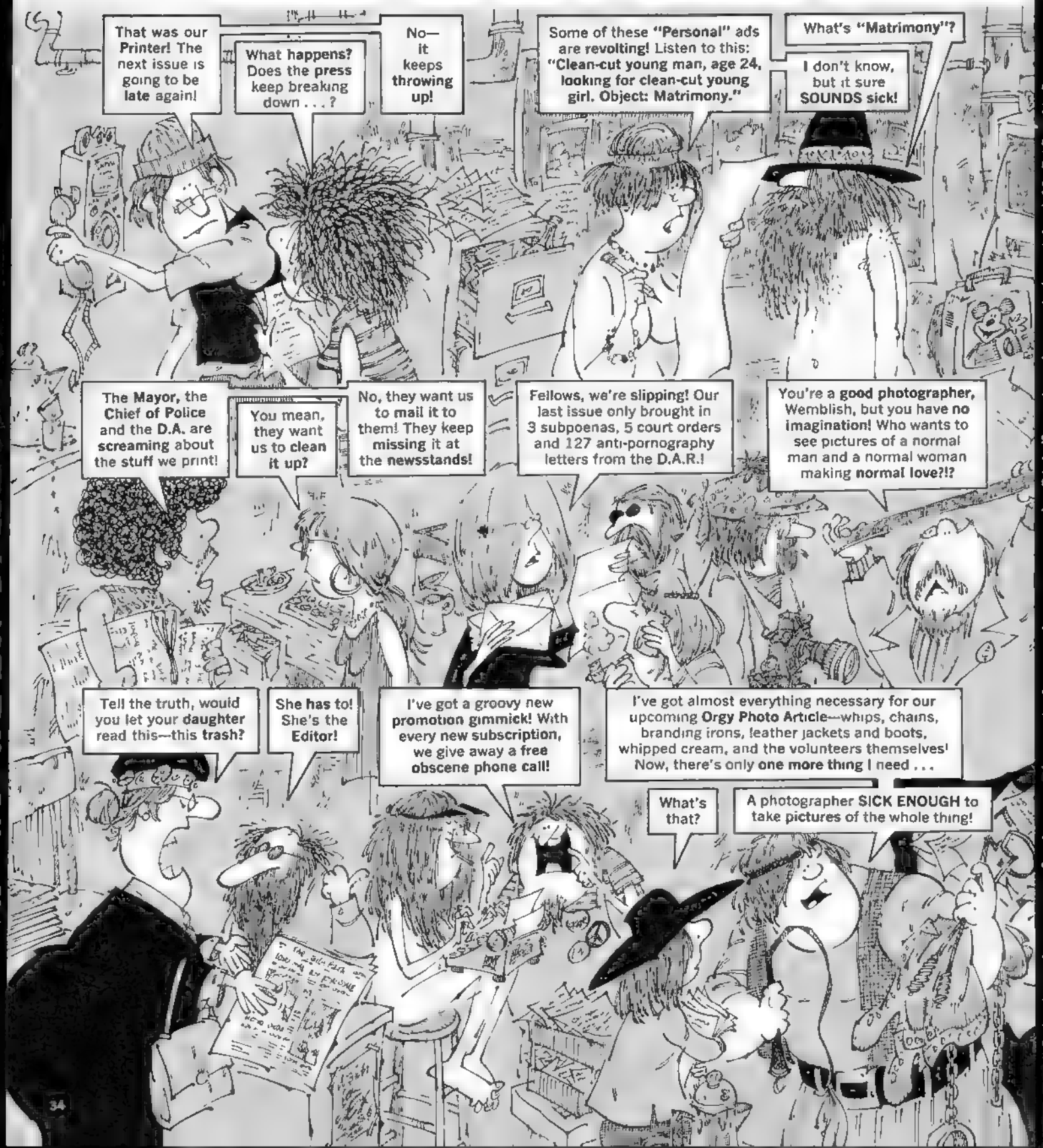


INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

In many ways, the "Sexual Revolution" is just that—REVOLTING! But don't

BEHIND THE SCENES AT AN

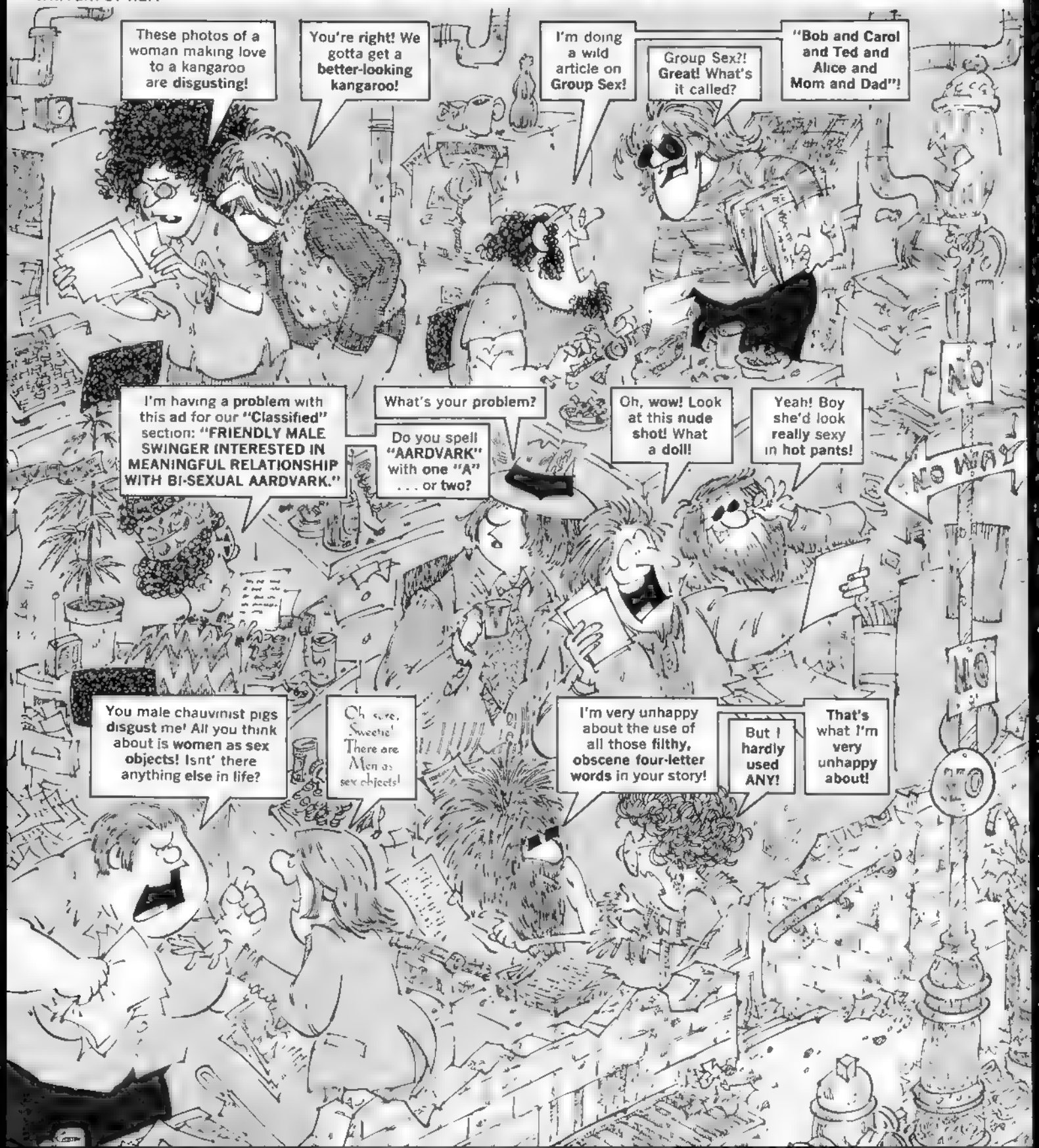
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.



take our word for it! See for yourself as MAD conducts this special tour

UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER

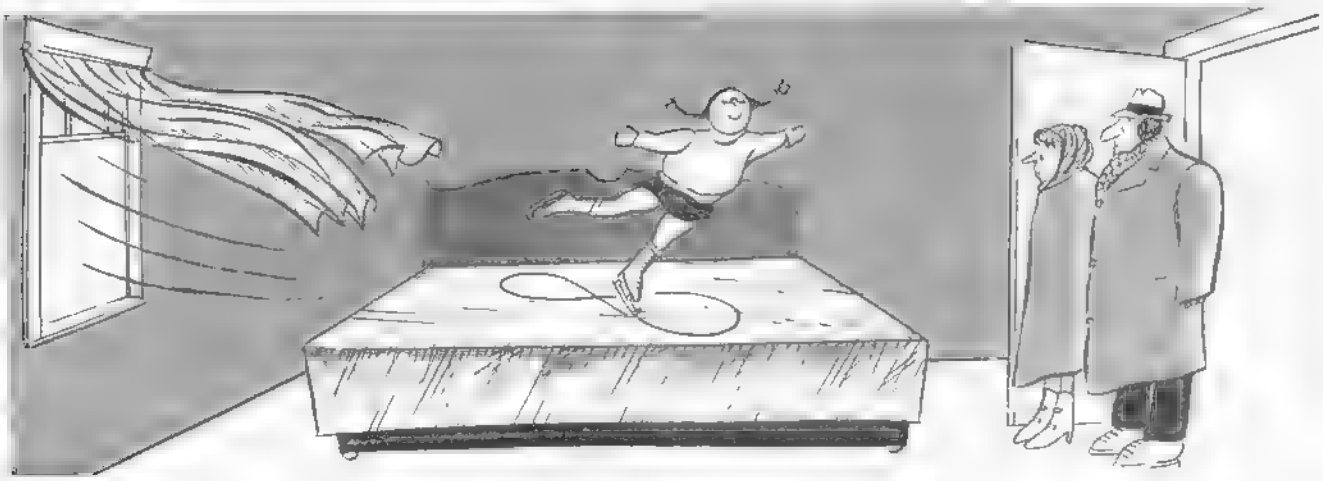
WRITER: SY REIT

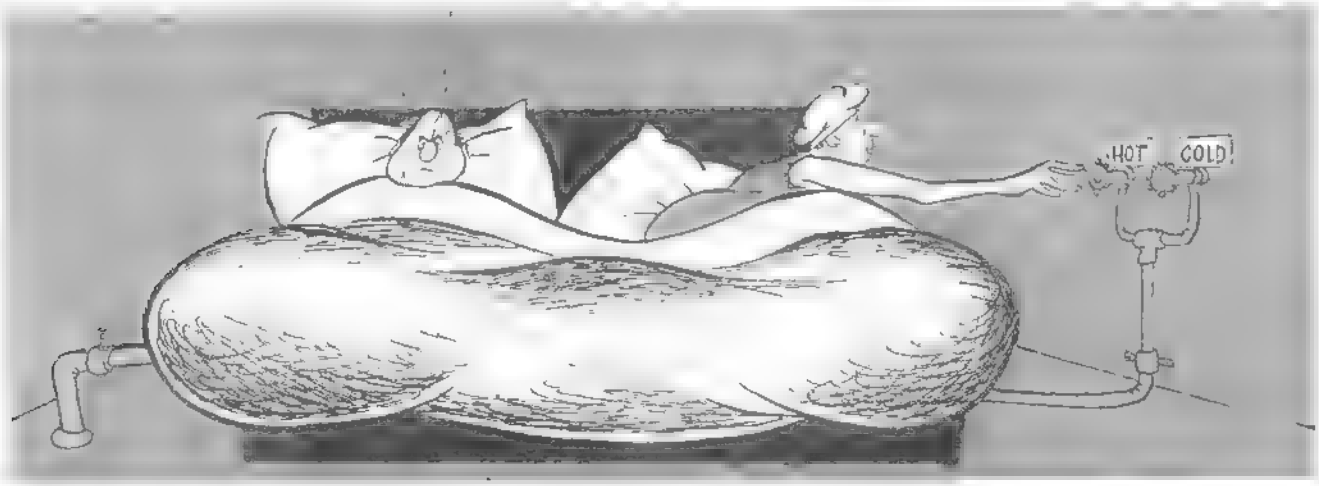


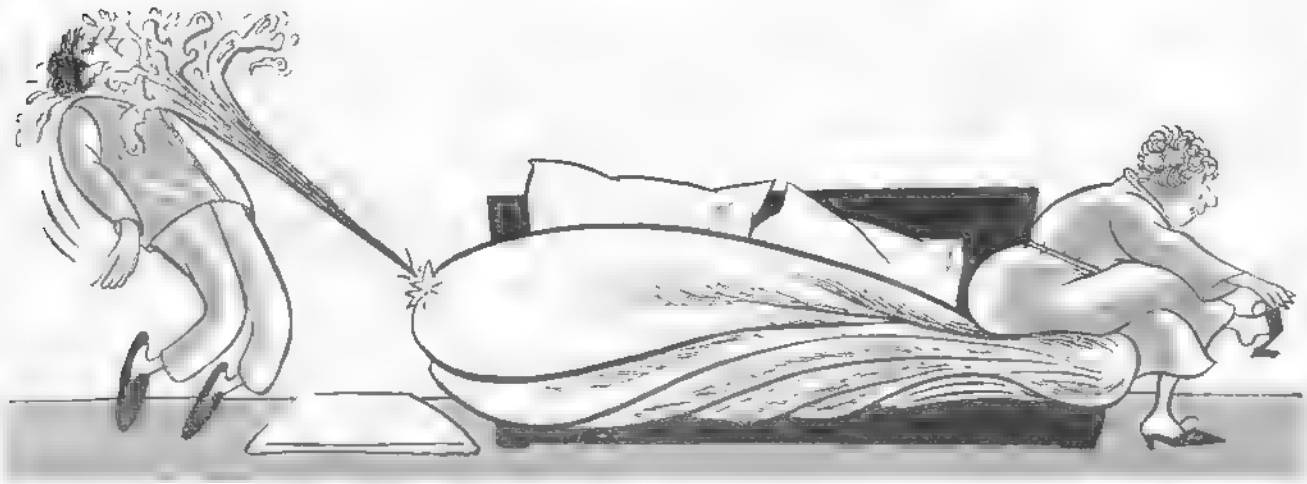
ASLEEP ON THE DEEP DEPT.

A MAD LOOK A

ARTIST & WRITER:

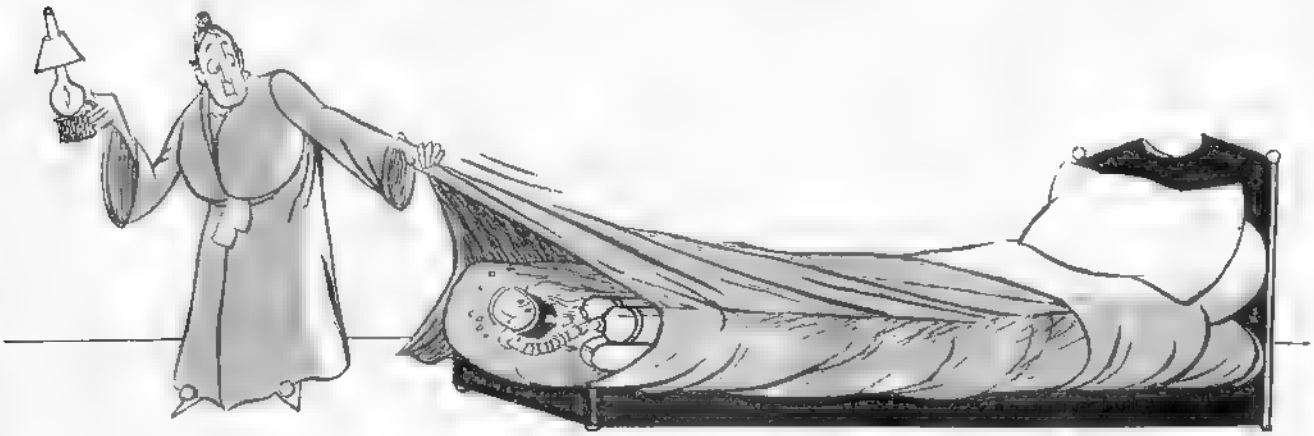


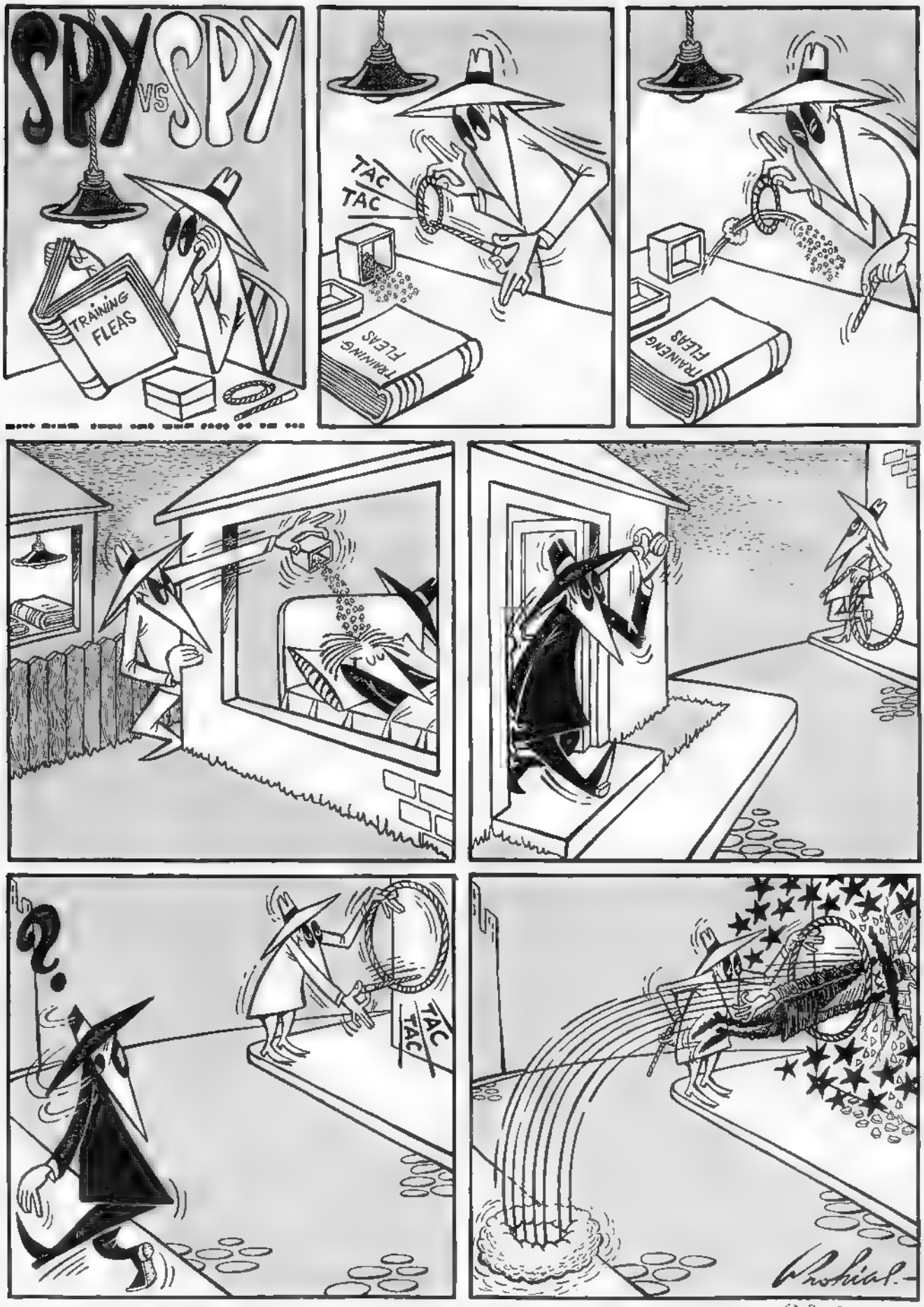




T WATER BEDS

PAUL PETER PORGES



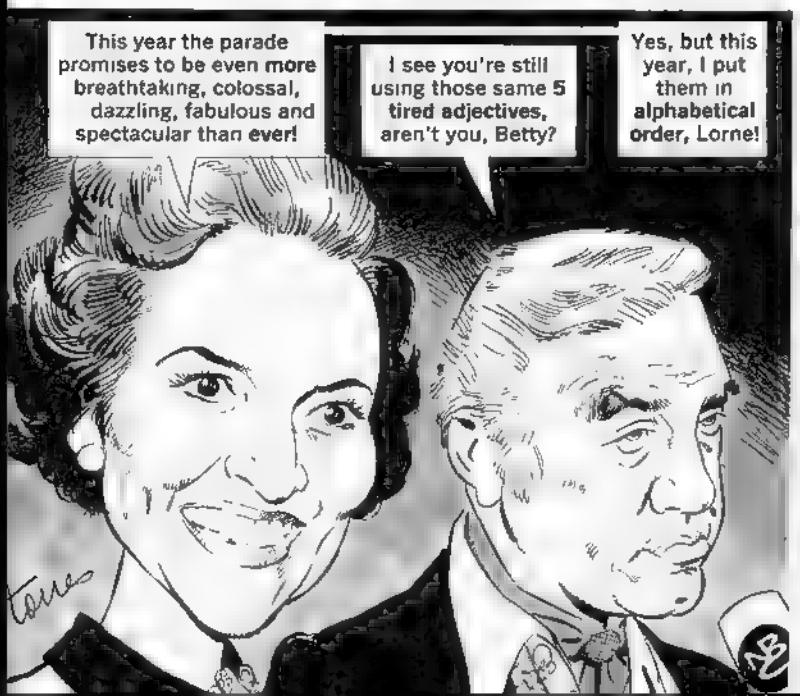

SPY VS SPY
TRAINING FLEAS
TAC
TAC
TRAINING FLEAS
TRAINING FLEAS
TAC
TAC

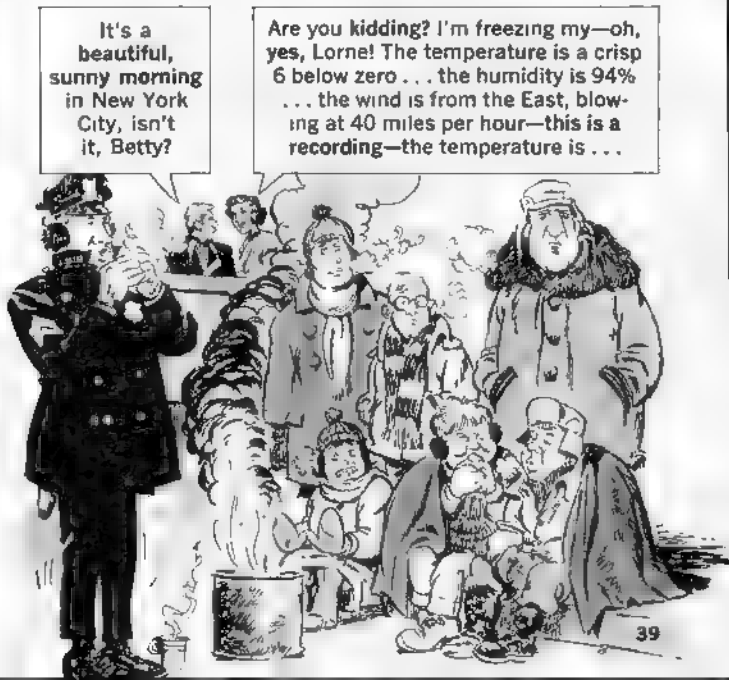
TURKEY AN' THE STORE DEPT.

Thanksgiving Day—the day for giving thanks—started out as a good idea! But somewhere along the way things started to change, a little at first, and then a little more, and then—well, it's hard to give thanks when the day begins with the idiot box blaring out the annual event called . . .

MESSY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITERS: DICK DE BARTOLO & KEDZIE NORTH





What's in store for all our TV viewers this morning, Betty?

You won't believe it, Lorne! 14 continuous hours of elaborate floats, marching bands, and gigantic balloons!

Same old breathtaking, colossal, dazzling, fabulous, spectacular plate of beans, huh?

GIANT SILHOUETTE SALE 3rd Floor

Yup! And of course that jolly old man with the beard will be here at the end of the parade . . .

You mean Fidel Castro?

No, silly! Santa Claus!

Santa Claus? On Thanksgiving? Isn't that like introducing the Easter Bunny on Lincoln's Birthday?

Yes, but without Santa, this whole, obviously commercial farce would appear obviously commercial!

Well, so long as the parade is chock full of surprises, however inappropriate!

Right! And the biggest surprise will be if you and I shut up for more than five seconds!

STATION BREAK YOU NITWITS!!

Anyway, from what I've seen so far, this will be a new, unique, exciting, original re-run of last year's parade!

How many people do you think braved the chili, and came to watch the parade in person, Lorne?

Well, I counted 12, but I think some of them were part of MESSY's public relations staff!

Oh look! Here comes the very first marching band! Do you want to describe it Lorne, or should I?

Lorne? Lorne! Wake up!

Huh? What year is this? Where's Hoss and Little Joe?

Here they come—the Drum and Bagel Corps from Shennawocky Jr. High School in Shennawocky, Tennessee! The group is 147 strong— and 14 weak! Lorne?

This is really an amazing group, Bet! These youngsters spent the last 8 months selling toasted marshmallows door-to-door in order to raise money for this trip to New York! Last night they stayed at a luxurious hotel!

No wonder they look so pooped! Kids of today sure know how to liven things up! Which hotel did you say it was, Lorne?

Er, yes, they're a great bunch, Bet! And when I heard they had no money to get back home, I personally donated fifty cents to their fund!

Why that's breath-taking, colossal, dazzling, fabulous, and spectacular, Lorne! Not to mention cheap!

Hey! Look what's next in the line of march—one of MESSY's fantastic balloons! I think it's Superman . . . no, I think it's Doris Day . . . or is it the Partridge Family . . .

U.S. BLUBBER

Well, whatever it is, it's interesting to note that it takes 38 men to guide this giant balloon down Broadway!

And what's so interesting about that?

It's interesting that 38 grown men would get up on a holiday morning and walk 10 miles with an ugly mass of inflated rubber!

Here's our next marching band, Bet! It's the Chuckapocky High School in Chuckapocky, Rhode Island, U.S.A.! These boys and girls sold pickled herring from door to door to pay for their trip to New York!

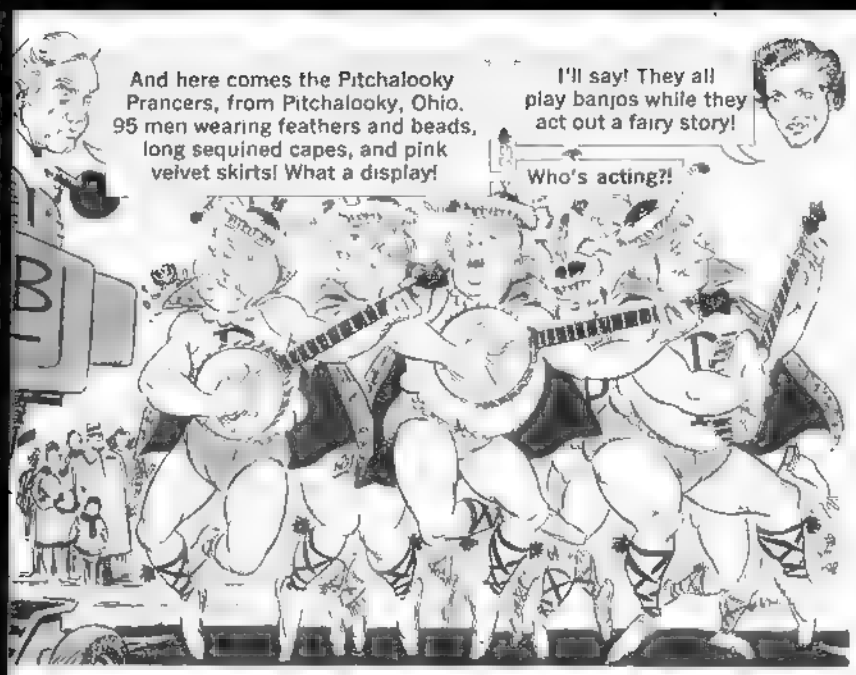
That's obvious!

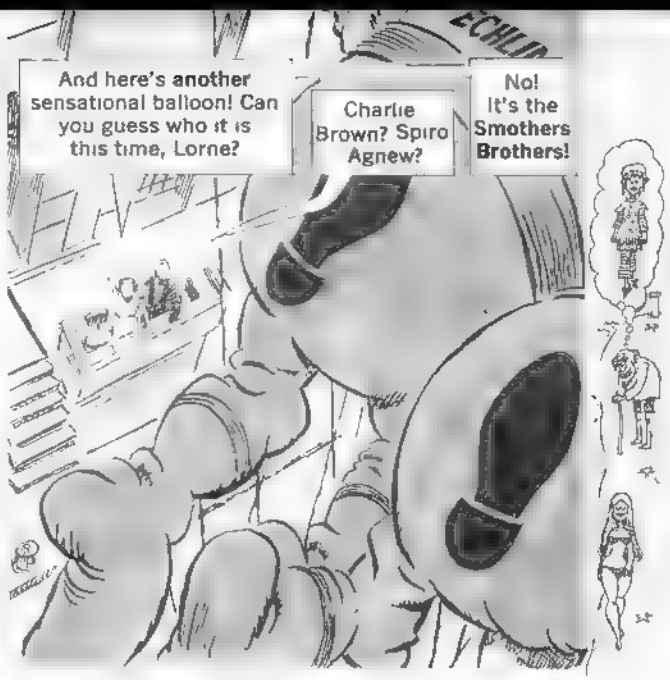
Here's one of MESSY's extraordinarily beautiful floats. It's called "Fantasy of Springtime", and if I didn't know better, I'd swear somebody slapped a new coat of paint on last year's "Fantasy of Summer" fiasco! Bet, why don't you describe this gorgeous float to our viewers who are not watching this extravaganza in color . . .

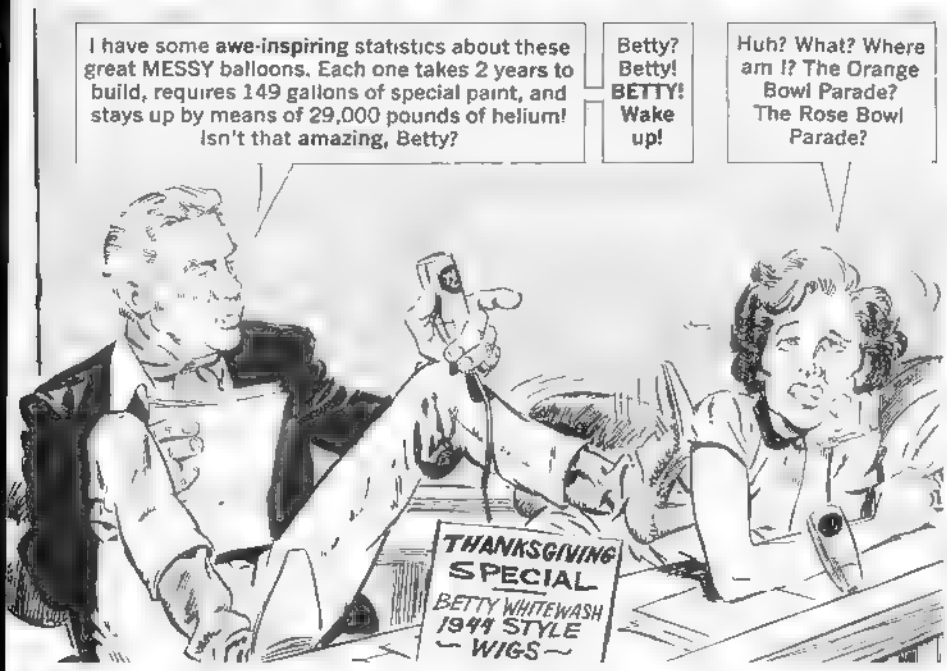
Good idea, Lorne! It's black on the bottom, white on top, and gray on all four sides!

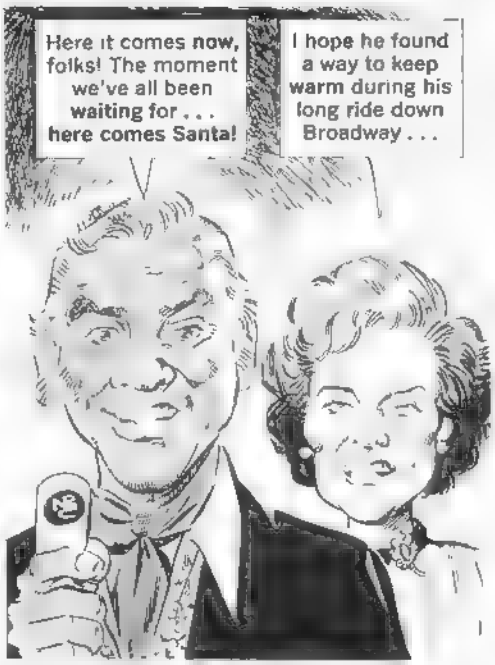
DDT

KEEP OFF

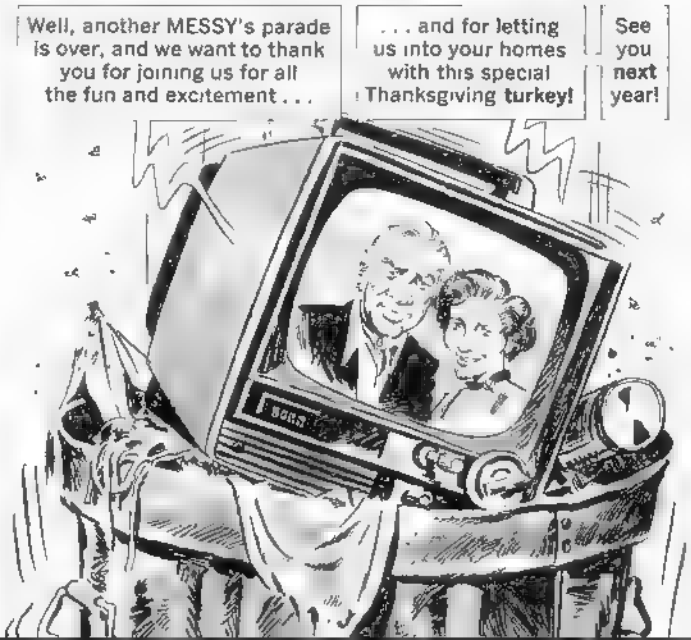

And here comes the Pitchalooky Prancers, from Pitchalooky, Ohio. 95 men wearing feathers and beads, long sequined capes, and pink velvet skirts! What a display!
I'll say! They all play banjos while they act out a fairy story!
Who's acting?!


And here's another sensational balloon! Can you guess who it is this time, Lorne?
Charlie Brown? Spiro Agnew?
No! It's the Smothers Brothers!


I have some awe-inspiring statistics about these great MESSY balloons. Each one takes 2 years to build, requires 149 gallons of special paint, and stays up by means of 29,000 pounds of helium! Isn't that amazing, Betty?
Betty? Betty! BETTY! Wake up!
Huh? What? Where am I? The Orange Bowl Parade? The Rose Bowl Parade?
THANKSGIVING SPECIAL
BETTY WHITEWASH 1944 STYLE ~ WIGS ~


Here it comes now, folks! The moment we've all been waiting for . . . here comes Santa!
I hope he found a way to keep warm during his long ride down Broadway . . .

Happy St. Patrick's Day! Happy Arbor Day! Happy Bastille Day! Happy . . .
BUY!


Well, another MESSY's parade is over, and we want to thank you for joining us for all the fun and excitement . . .
. . . and for letting us into your homes with this special Thanksgiving turkey!
See you next year!

Congressional Record
PROCEEDINGS AND DEBATES OF THE 91st CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION
WASHINGTON TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1970
Senate

Contrary to popular belief, things do go on in Washington, D.C. The only problem is that the "voice" of these proceedings, the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, is such a boring-looking publication, few people ever brave reading it. Perhaps if the RECORD employed the techniques of other, more popular publications, it might inspire a much larger readership. Like, for example . . .

THE DAILY

CONGRESSIONAL OFF-THE-RECORD

OUR PRICE: FREE
(You've already paid for it in taxes!)

WEATHER
A blast of Hot Air blowing in from Capitol Hill

REP. MUDD CLEARED!

The committee investigating corrupt Congressional practices today dismissed all charges against Rep. Steepin Mudd, charged earlier by the committee with payroll padding, misappropriation of funds, involvement in a stock swindle, and using campaign donations to build a personal sauna bath.

Rep. Mudd conducted his own defense. In his typically nasal drone, he told the committee, "If you guys hang me, I'll blow the whistle on the whole damned lot of ya! I've got enough on you birds to make my charges look like the "Code of Ethics." The verdict to drop the charges was unanimous.

Optimistic about the outcome of the committee's investigation, Congressman Steepin Mudd states: "I believe it was my 'Judge not, that ye be not judged' speech, or perhaps my 'Cast the first stone' speech that made the difference. Then again, it could well have been my collection of bugged telephone tapes!"

President Appoints New Commission to Investigate Campus Disorder

Obviously unhappy with the first commission's findings, the President has announced the appointment of a new panel to study the problem of campus disorder, naming Senator Buckley Southland as its head.

Senator Buckley Southland

When questioned about his appointment, Senator Southland said, "It didn't surprise me none. I been leading the attack on the first report all along. I'd like to investigate them left-winger professors and bleeding heart liberals who prepared that 800 page pack of garbage while I'm at it. I had to read 800 pages—with no pictures even—that puts the blame on the police and the National Guard and not just the students! Besides, how can you get to the truth of the matter by asking students anything? You gonna take their word over a cop? You gonna take their word over a Guardsman? Why, them boys are beyond question – giving up a weekend every month to keep this country safe from students with long hair and marijuana who deserve to be shot anyway."

Congressman Hawk to Retire

Representative Wilmer "Blood 'n Guts" Hawk and successor

In a surprise announcement, Rep. Wilmer "Blood 'n Guts" Hawk has stepped down from the Congressional seat he has occupied for 31 years to "give a younger man a chance at it." The younger man" Rep. Hawk has in mind is Douglas Patton Hawk, his son.

"My boy supports the military as much as I do," stated Rep. Hawk, "so the country won't be suffering any from my retirement. Besides, some fink in the local draft board screwed things up and Douglas got a 1-A classification. Once he's in Congress, they can't draft 'im in the Army!"

WRITTEN BY LOU SILVERSTONE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRVING SCHILD

CONGRESSIONAL OFF-THE-RECORD

CLASSIFIED ADS

BUSINESS AND SERVICES

HECKLERS TO RENT

Get sympathy votes from silent majority by being heckled by selected types from our wide assortment. Hippies, Panthers, Young Lords, Students, Hell's Angels, Groupies, Professors—you name it, we got it!

HECKLERS INCORPORATED
Washington, D.C.

****

Expecting a close election? We can supply the names of thousands of voters who are now deceased. Don't let these election-swinging votes get buried along with their former owners. Lists available according to party specified.

LAST HURRAH BALLOT CO.
Stuffed Box #22
Leverpull, Nebraska

PUBLIC NOTICE

I am no longer responsible for debts incurred by Flame O'Hara, Fifi LaPlante, Jo Jo McDonnel, Lucille Maquan or any other former member of my office staff.

Ex-Congressman Lowell Brook

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CAPITAL TO INVEST!

Ex-Senator has loads of money to invest in sure-thing prospects.

Write Now To:
CAPITOL CAPITAL
Box #433—Switzerland

****

PUBLIC NOTICE

ATTENTION!

All Members of Congress Recently Elected! Sure, you're sitting pretty NOW! But what would it be like if you had lost?! And what happens if you lose next time around?! Bye-bye to free insurance, hospitalization, and the rest of the goodies! So use your vote while you've got it! Let's all get behind the legislation now pending that allows Members of Congress to maintain ALL their privileges for life. We deserve at least that, sacrificing two or more of the best years of our lives! Join us in our common cause!

The Lame Duck Committee For
A Free Lifetime Ride

THE INQUISITIVE PHOTOGRAPHER

Today's question was submitted by Sid Ascher, Paramus, N.J.

QUESTION: Should a Congressman or Senator who is a major stockholder or on the payroll of an oil company or other large industry vote on legislation concerning that industry?

PLACE: Capitol Hill Restaurant

REP. HAROLD SCHNORRER, DEMOCRAT, N.Y.

That's a very good question and I'm glad Mr. Ascher asked it. This shows that the American people are aware of and deeply concerned with the issues. There is a crying need for people to ask questions. It's the American way to get the facts before the public. You can quote me on that.

REP. LESTER MAUDLIN, REPUBLICAN, IOWA

While my voting record down the line shows I'm against everything Rep. Schnorrer is for, I have to push party politics aside and declare myself definitely and absolutely in Rep. Schnorrer's camp. That's what it's all about today—concern. And that's what the American public is—concerned.

SEN. WILLIAM COMATOSE, REPUBLICAN, CAL.

Where else but in America can two diametrically opposed Congressmen join together and rally behind a principle, a concept, a belief, an idea...no, better—a dream! The dream of our forefathers come to life! I too stand wholly and fully behind Mr. Ascher's right as an American to ask questions.

SEN. LAMED DUCK, DEMOCRAT, MAINE

What more can I say? In all honesty, what can be added to that which has already been said? Why must we gild the lily? Let it suffice to say that many questions must be asked. Pertinent questions. Soul searching questions. Relevant questions. You owe it to your country to ask them. So be it.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ADVISOR

Questions are answered and answers are questioned by Phil E. Buster

Dear Phil,
Last month I visited Washington, D.C. and was run over by a Congressman who had gone through a red light. The police arrested *me* for obstructing traffic. I didn't think this sort of thing could happen in the States.

Bruised and Bewildered

Dear B.B.,
It couldn't happen in the States, but D.C. is something altogether different. The next time you visit our little playground, make sure you get run over by an average slob like yourself and not someone with Congressional Immunity!

* * *

Dear Phil,
Frustrated in my boyhood dreams of becoming a politician, I naturally hoped my son, Norman, would someday be a Congressman or Senator. But recently I've learned that he has been lying and cheating and stealing. What should I do to set him on the right course?

N.L.

Dear N.L.,
Stop interfering and let well enough alone! The kid knows what he's doing! He can't miss!

Dear Phil,
I keep writing letters to my Congressman on all the important issues. He never answers, except at election time when he sends me pamphlets on crop rotation and farm pest control, which is odd considering I live in downtown Chicago. Could it be he doesn't *read* my letters?

Skeptical

Dear Skeptical,
Please direct all requests for pamphlets on crop rotation and farm pest control to the Government Printing Office, not to me! I'm here to answer questions, not fill your mailbox with freebies!

* * *

Dear Phil,
I've been trying to call my Senator for the past 3 months but all I ever get is a busy signal. Is there something wrong with the phones in the Senate building?

Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz

Dear Bzzz Bzzz Bzzz,
There's nothing wrong with the phones. The problem is basic—each Senator is allowed 2,400 long distance calls per year in office, plus unlimited local calls. It takes a heap of calling to use up his allotment, but, like any good Senator, your man is obviously in there trying!

KNOW YOUR REPRESENTATIVES

An intimate look into the average day of your elected spokesmen

TODAY'S PROFILE: Jerry Mander, Democrat, Connecticut

Congressman Mander and family at play

Reading from left to right: Representative Mander; wife June; son Basil (age 17); son Joel (age 15); daughter Gail (age 12); daughter Amanda (age 9).

Congressman Mander and personal staff

Reading from left to right: Representative Mander, Personal Secretary, Special Assistant, Researcher, Special Assistant Researcher, Chief Filing Clerk.

Mander addressing constituents in ghetto area

Rep. Mander tells voters in downtown ghetto area he is in favor of more civil rights legislation.

Mander attends "hard hat" rally

Rep. Mander assures members of local Locals that he is against any further civil rights legislation.

Mander's name appears on important legislation

CIVIL RIGHTS ACT OF 1971

Name:	*Vote:*
Rep. Kvetch, Dem., Pa.	For
Rep. Lint, Rep., N.Y.	Against
Rep. Mander, Dem., Conn.	Absent
Rep. Milhous, Rep., Calif.	Against

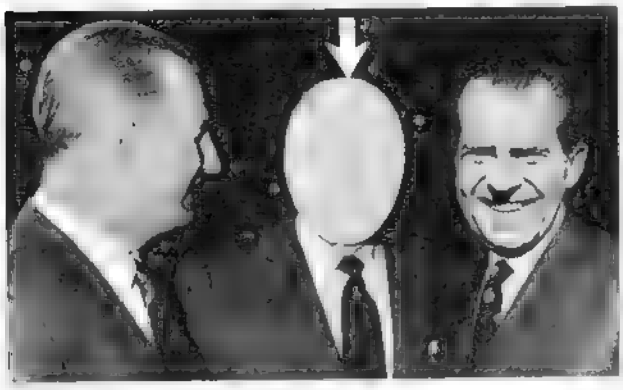
Mander on the go

Congressman Mander and special investigator Miss Lily LaRose, board Air Force plane for Paris. Top priority assignment: to investigate communist infiltration in the Place Pigalle and Moulin Rouge.

SURE-FIRE VOTE GETTER

Improve your image by having your picture taken with one of the BIG BOYS! A shot of you and Muskie, Spiro, Ted Kennedy, Humphrey, Lowenstein, Rockefeller, or Mister Big himself—Mayor Daley! Or even Dick Nixon, if you prefer. It's up to you who you "want to be seen with" in your campaign literature. Do what the smart cookies are doing, order one representing each opposing view and mail them out to the appropriate neighborhoods! Just send your photo—we do the rest!

YOUR PICTURE HERE



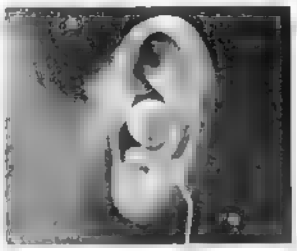
Doctored-Photo Offer
Shill Studios Washington, D. C.

THE LATEST FROM

BOREMASTERS

THE POLITICIANS PAL

Long-winded speeches getting to you? *Tune in* to BoreMasters' latest import from Japan and *tune out* everything else around you! These ear plugs are tiny transistor radios—and they're practically *invisible!* Music, ball games—you name it—can be yours while your colleagues drone on and on and on and on.



SOUND-OFF TRANSISTOR EAR PLUGS $49.95

Looks convincing, even under glasses!

Trouble sleeping at night, but *not during the day* while your colleagues drone on and on and on? Then BoreMasters' latest import from West Germany is for you! These eye caps with *open eyes* fit right over your closed lids, giving the impression that you're wide-eyed and alert while you grab the badly-needed sleep you missed by going to a wild party the night before!!

EYE-OPENERS $14.95

THE BACK ROOM

A Keyhole View of Washington

by LEONARD LYINGS

Congressman Harvey "Pork" Barrell did *not*—repeat—did *not* break his 15-year record of never having introduced a Bill. The Bill he is rumored to have introduced was none other than his new son-in-law, Bill Shleppe, at a cocktail party, hopefully looking to get the lad started in business. At the top, of course . . . Travel notes—Space doesn't permit us to list all the travelling members of Congress who are off and running on some Government-sponsored-and-paid-for pretense or other, so we'll list the ones who were present at roll call this morning: Reps. Marcus, Slothman, Mulch, Mendacious, Kugel, and Bialymaster. Shame, shame, fellas. Surely there's *someplace* out there that needs your personal inspection!

* * * * * * * *

WISH I'D SAID THAT DEPT. Senator Orville "Red" Neck, in a stirring speech said, "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn." Movie fans will recognize the line from "Gone With The Wind" which Senator Neck delivered on the floor of the Senate in his filibuster against civil rights legislation. He also read the Jersey City, New Jersey classified phone book (which was understood by all) and "Catch 22" (which wasn't) in his record-breaking 36-hour effort . . . The whole town is buzzing about the performance of rookie Congressman Huey Short who recently held his first press conference and didn't answer one question directly. Reminds Congress watchers of a young Dick Nixon. They're forecasting a great career for Huey!

WILD GUESS DEPARTMENT

What caused Representative Ralph Stepaniak to change his vote on the Firearms Control Bill? Could it have been a certain lobbyist whose measurements are 42-26-36? That ole son-of-a-gun!

Congrats are in order for Senator Eric Chipneil (Ariz) who continued his drive to cut government spending. Senator Chipneil spent only $125.79 of his yearly $3000.00 office supply expense allotment. Joy Chipneil, the Senator's lovely young wife of 5 months said the unused balance would be "put to use in a local depressed area—like my wardrobe." Way to go, Eric! . . . PLOY OF THE MONTH DEPT. Representative Arnie Bile limits his "inspection and research" junkets to places permitting unlimited liquor gift sending, ordering all the booze he needs (and ole Arn needs plenty!) in the names of friends, neighbors, and relatives, thus building up a good supply for the huge liquor cabinet he had built in his new sub-*bourbon* home!

OFF-THE-RECORD INTERVIEW:

A candid conversation with one of the senior ranking members of the Senate

Senator Lester J. Mildew

Born in 1891, Senator Lester J. Mildew has held numerous posts and was chairman of many committees in his long reign in Washington. His effectiveness and his performance have, of course, nothing to do with becoming a chairman, as that honor is bestowed according to seniority and not on merit. With this in mind OTR (Off-The-Record) began its questioning . . .

OTR: Do you think the seniority system should be changed to offer younger men the chance at a chairmanship?

SEN.: You cain't trust important jobs to them young 50-year-olds. They got wild ideas. If the senility system . . . I mean seniority system was good enough for my pappy, then it's good enough for me!

OTR: As chairman of the Economic Affairs Committee, do you think we're heading for a depression!

SEN.: No sir! It's just like President Hoover's been telling the people, "Prosperity's just around the corner!"

OTR: What does it mean to a Senator to be appointed the chairman of a committee?

SEN.: A Lincoln Continental instead of a Chrysler Imperial.

OTR: I'm afraid we don't understand.

SEN.: It's simple. For $750 a Senator can use a Chrysler for a year, but if he's a committee chairman, he can have a Lincoln Continental at the same price, compliments of the Detroit Automobile Manufacturers Association. Heh, heh! Why do you think we always vote against all those expensive safety and anti-pollution features for cars?

OTR: What do you think is the single most important problem facing a Senator or Congressman today?

SEN.: Getting re-elected. A man in office cain't get bogged down by issues and wars and economics, 'specially in an election year, 'cause if he does

(Continued on page 52)

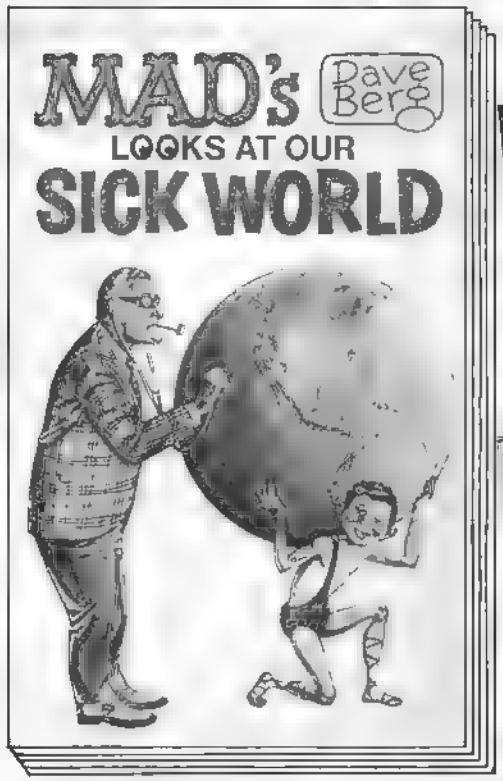
"I think every real American should be proud to display his country's flag. I'm introducing a bill to give flag manufacturers special tax write-offs."

"Now that you mention it, I do happen to be a majority stockholder in the Gung-Ho Flag Company. Our plants are in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Tokyo, Japan."

"Forget about conflicting interests, wise guy! Better you should do some explaining yourself, like how come you ain't wearing a flag in your lapel? You some kind of commie peacenik . . . ?

WE'VE COME UP WITH ANOTHER ECCH FOR YOUR ECCH-MAS GIFT LIST!

Mainly, this latest MAD Paperback Book!



GIVE ANY OR ALL FIFTY-TWO MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS!

(THEY'RE AN ECCH-CEPTIONAL VALUE!)

use coupon or duplicate

MAD 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND THE MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS I HAVE CHECKED BELOW TO:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

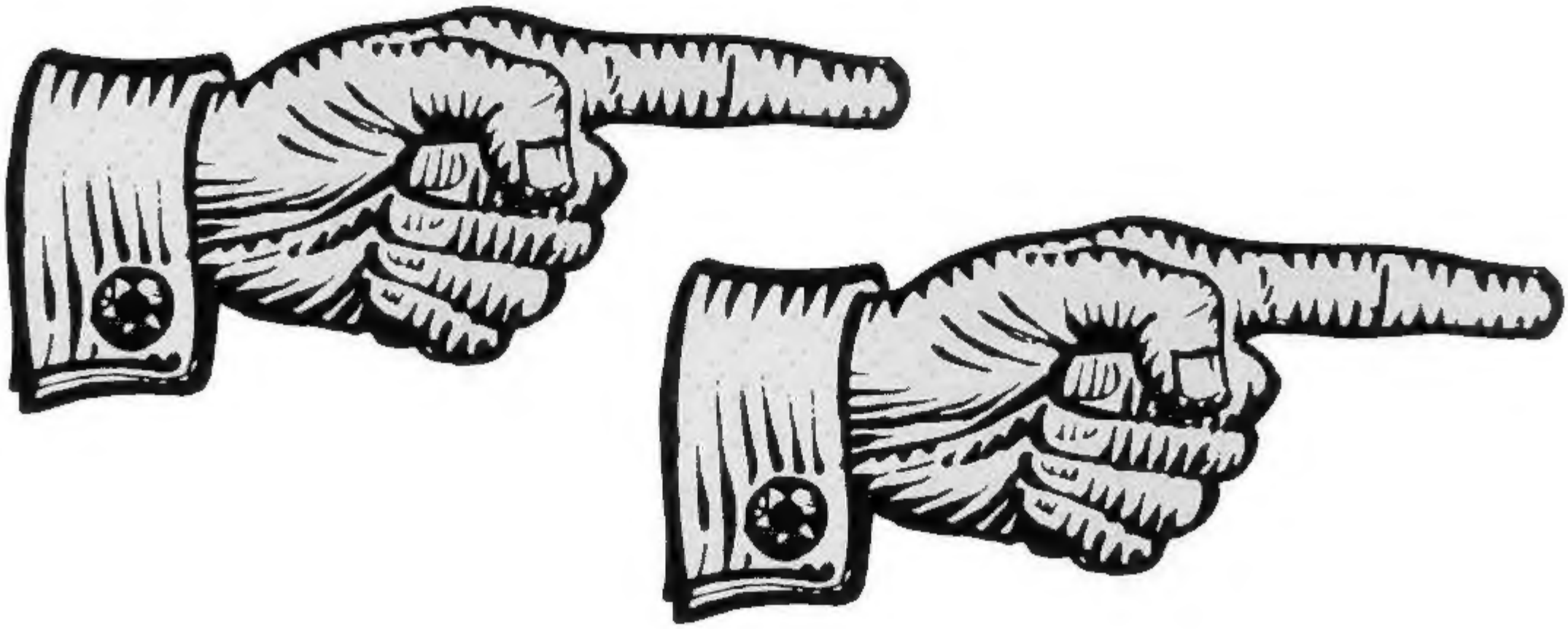
STATE..... ZIP CODE.....

AND SEND A CHEERY CHRISTMAS GIFT ANNOUNCEMENT ALONG WITH THEM BLAMING:

- ☐ The MAD Reader
- ☐ MAD Strikes Back
- ☐ Inside MAD
- ☐ Utterly MAD
- ☐ The Brothers MAD
- ☐ The Beside MAD
- ☐ Son of MAD
- ☐ The Organization MAD
- ☐ Like MAD
- ☐ The Ides of MAD
- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The MAD Frontier
- ☐ MAD in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Three Ring MAD
- ☐ Self-Made MAD
- ☐ The MAD Sampler
- ☐ World, World, etc. MAD
- ☐ Raving MAD
- ☐ Boiling MAD
- ☐ Questionable MAD
- ☐ Howling MAD
- ☐ The Indigestible MAD
- ☐ Burning MAD
- ☐ Good 'n' MAD
- ☐ Hopping MAD
- ☐ The Portable MAD
- ☐ MAD Power
- ☐ The Dirty Old MAD
- ☐ Polyunsaturated MAD
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DON MARTIN Cooks Up More Tales
- ☐ DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File
- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies
- ☐ Return of MAD Old Movies
- ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
- ☐ The MAD Book of Magic
- ☐ Aragones's "Viva MAD"!
- ☐ Aragones's MAD about MAD
- ☐ MAD for Better or Verse
- ☐ Sing Along With MAD
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the USA
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things
- ☐ DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Our Sick World

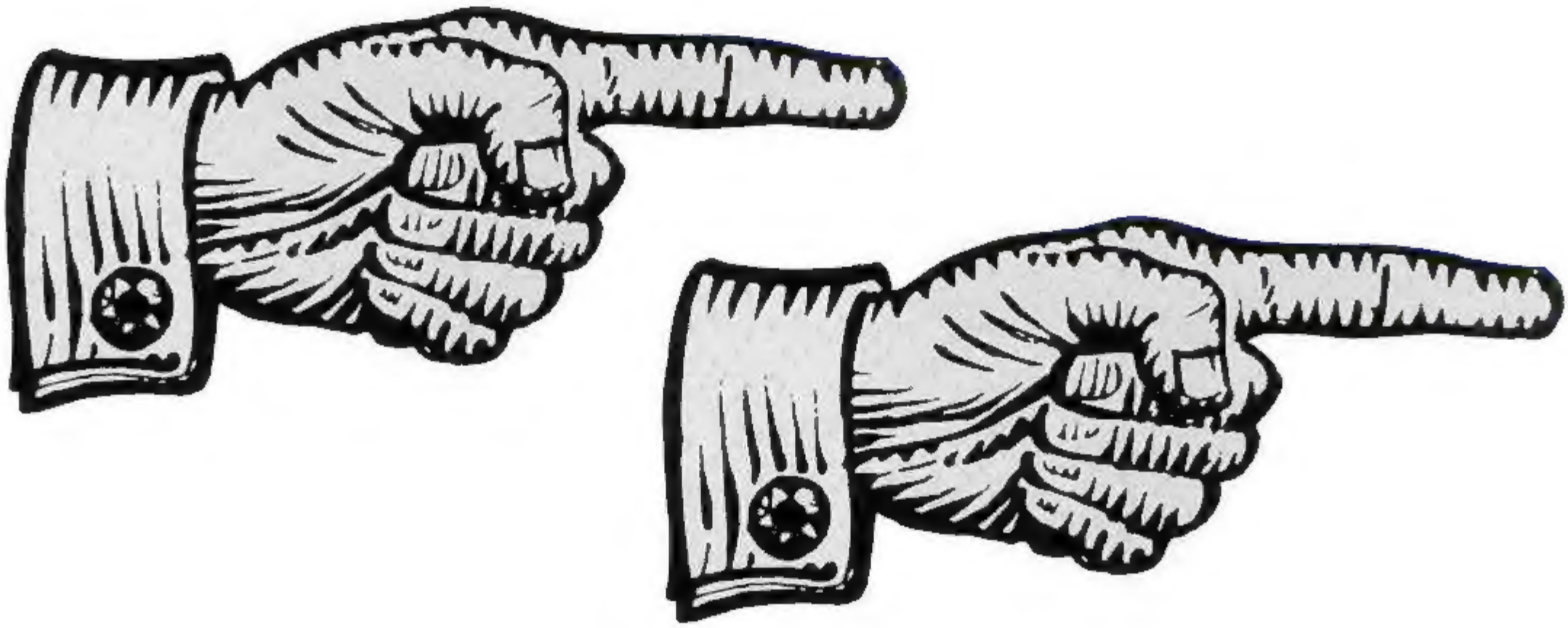
I ENCLOSE 60c FOR EACH
(Minimum Order: 2 Books)

We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred! On all orders outside U.S.A. please add 10% Extra



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS REALLY BUGGING MOST AMERICANS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, we hear about some frightening, frustrating, shocking new disaster arising to plague us and worry us. But one thing is bugging most Americans more than all the others combined. To find out what it is, simply fold in page as shown at the right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE TO CHANGE PRIORITIES

SHORTAGE IN HOUSING

SPREAD OF WAR

INCREASE IN PORNOGRAPHY

GROWTH OF POLLUTION

GROWTH OF POPULATION

RISE IN CRIME

GROWTH OF INFLATION

EXPANSION OF UNEMPLOYMENT

SPREAD OF RACISM

RISE IN TAXES

©Jaffee

THROUGHOUT THE LAND, PEOPLE ARE LEARNING TO FACE FRUSTRATING DAILY PROBLEMS AND COPE WITH THEM. BUT THEY ARE MINOR CALAMITIES THAT SHRINK INTO INSIGNIFICANCE COMPARED TO THIS CATASTROPHE.

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT IS REALLY BUGGING MOST AMERICANS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

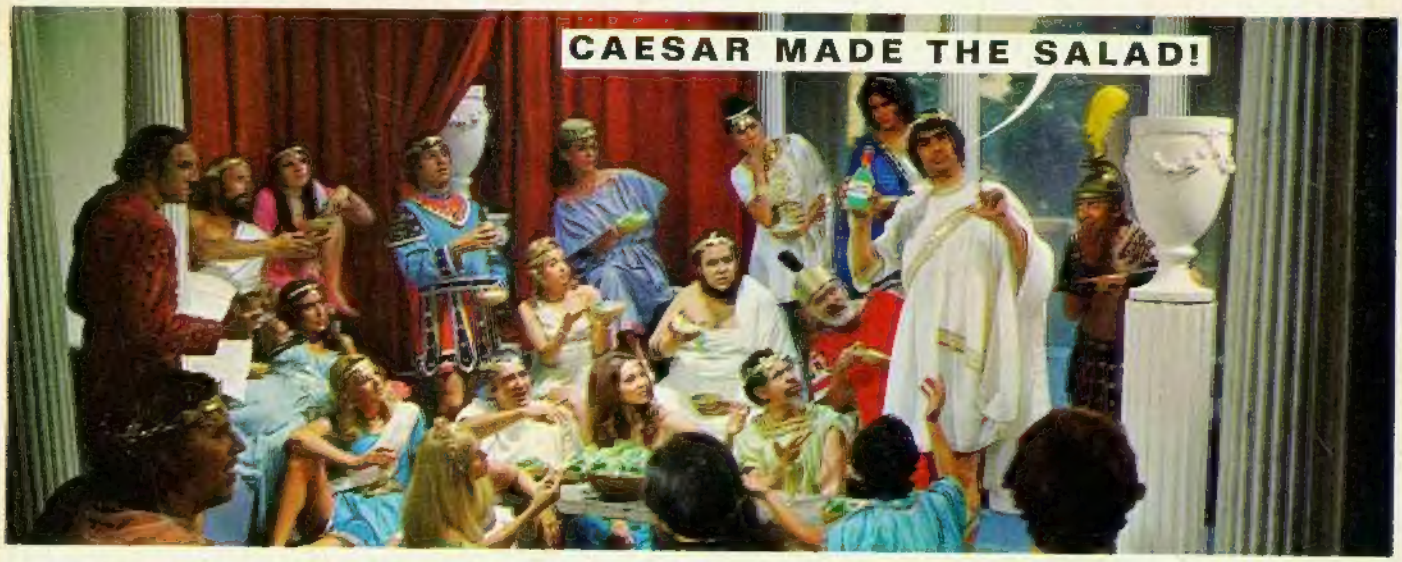
A▸◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE
F
B
I

A▸◂B

A TV SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



WRITER: AL JAFFEE

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD